THE PHILOSOPHY OF INSANITY

Presented to

MARVIN P. OSMAN M.D.

with the compliments of your
WYETH Territory Manager

ERNST REISZ

Date 7.23.1957

A reproduction of the original 1860 edition
Reprinted in U.S.A.

THE

PHILOSOPHY OF INSANITY.

By A LATE INMATE

OF THE

GLASGOW ROYAL ASYLUM FOR LUNATICS

AT GARTNAVEL.

EDINBURGH:—MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

LONDON:—HOULSTON & WRIGHT.

GLASGOW:—WILLIAM LOVE, 40 ST. ENOCH SQUARE.

1860.

GLASGOW:
SPITTAL AND ALISON, PRINTERS,
UNION STREET.

TO

Dr. Alexander Mackintosh

SUPERINTENDENT OF GARTNAVEL ROYAL LUNATIC ASYLUM,

In Token of Gratitude,

FOR THE EXTREME CARE AND KINDNESS WITH WHICH THE WRITER WAS INVARIABLY TREATED BY HIM WHILE A PATIENT UNDER HIS CHARGE,

This Little Book

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

PERHAPS there may be a tinge of insanity in the thought, but a strong feeling that I ought to do so for the benefit of others, has caused me to write the following pages; and in them to record remembrances which, so far as I can judge, no less powerful motive could have bribed me to recall. I have sometimes laid down my pen, thinking that the idea of doing good was merely an old delusion revived in another form, but it always returned, and would not be banished.

A popular book this never will be. Indeed, I would be sorry to see it in any young, light-hearted, joyous creature's hand; but I do know that it contains many things necessary for the afflicted and their relatives to learn—things which no mere looker on could ever know—things which none but a sufferer could ever tell.

If it inspires any worse than widowed wife with courage to persevere, even when the star of hope shines distant and dim—influences any brother to visit and sympathize with a sister whom the world has forsaken—sheds even the faintest ray of light into the deep gloom which droops around the wounded spirit like a pall—arrests the hand armed with the suicidal knife—or sweeps aside the impious breath which would blow into flame that insane spark which, smouldering, lies in breast and brain of every one endowed

with reason and with life, then will the dream of my ambition be realized, and I will neither have suffered nor written in vain.

It may perhaps be proper to add that I am a non-medical man; and that my claim to be heard is founded, not upon education or position, but solely upon what I have seen, and upon what I have suffered.

INDEX.

PREFACE, ... v

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, ... 9

CHAPTER II.

WHAT CONSTITUTES INSANITY, ... 16

CHAPTER III.

DELUSIONS, ... 20

CHAPTER IV.

NARCOTICS AND THEIR EFFECTS, ... 29

CHAPTER V.

FANATICISM, ... 35

CHAPTER VI.

KNOWLEDGE, NECESSARY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF BODILY AND MENTAL HEALTH, ... 42

CHAPTER VII.

LUNATIC ASYLUMS AND ATTENDANTS, ... 49

CHAPTER VIII.

LABOUR AND AMUSEMENTS CONSIDERED AS CURATIVE AGENTS, ... 63

CHAPTER IX.

A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES.—LIFE ASSURANCE—SLEEP—FOOD—A FEW WORDS TO RELATIVES—ANALOGY BETWEEN THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE WORLD—EPILEPSY AND PERIODICAL MADNESS—PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN—CHEERFULNESS—EXCESS—PRIDE—INDECISION—FALSE SHAME, ... 67

CHAPTER X.

GARTNAVEL ASYLUM, ... 80

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION, ... 91

APPENDIX, ... 93

THE PHILOSOPHY OF INSANITY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

BEFORE we can arrive at any practical, that is, at any useful result, the entire question of insanity must be stripped of all metaphysical drapery. Whatever may be the theoretical belief, the mind must be practically looked upon and treated as a material substance, capable of being healed and hurt—subject to disease, to decay, and to death. To examine it by any other light than this, is merely to dive back into the darkness of the past, and to mislead and bewilder the inquirer; besides, however immaterial the mind actually may be, its outward manifestations are as palpable as though it were a thing of flesh; and, in reality, it is only these manifestations that we have to do with; though, for the sake of being understood while writing of them, we must give them a "local habitation and a name."

That a physical and mental cause are both required to produce insanity, although only one of them may prominently appear, I cannot prevent myself from believing. However, a weakness of the nervous system, or an organization naturally over-sensitive, without any change in the structure of the brain by disease, may be all that is necessary to furnish the physical portion of the phenomena requisite to insure this dire result.

Violence, such as a fall or a blow, may cause imbecility or idiocy, without mental excitement; but that has nothing to do with mental disease, for it is as purely physical as a fractured limb. My meaning is, that an excited mind must act upon a weakened, a naturally over-sensitive, or a diseased brain; that is, both of these states of being must meet and combine before insanity can be produced.

If this be not the case, how is it that what strikes almost to distraction at one time, passes over us at another time like a shadow, and leaves no trace? How is it that people die with the brain extensively diseased, and yet the mind calm and rational? How is it that a self-styled preacher of the gospel, himself very likely the greatest sinner in the assembly, goes home after a successful fanatical display, and enjoys himself over his wine, while some poor, sensitive, over-wrought, half-starved girl goes home to spread despair, and is carried off to an asylum, a raving, perhaps an incurable lunatic?

Hereditary predisposition to insanity, I think, goes far to prove this. This hereditary curse can proceed from nothing but an over-sensitive organization of brain, transmitted from father or mother to their unfortunate offspring. If no cause sufficiently exciting be brought to bear upon them, they may pass through life without any serious attack; but if their over-sensitive brain be subjected to a rude shock of grief or fear, then has the component parts of insanity met, and madness follows as an inevitable consequence. The excitement exhausts itself, and the mania leaves them, but the defective organization remains the same, which clearly proves that the peculiar configuration of the brain, taken by itself, can neither produce the disease nor render it incurable.

The cause which brings the brain into a state of functional or organic disease, may or may not be the ultimate agent which develops mania. Drunkenness, abuse of narcotics, want of sufficient sleep, intense study, may weaken, benumb, or inflame the brain, and yet anger, grief, fear, or some other cause equally foreign, be the direct means of developing the disease. It is quite common for one idea to be the exciting cause of derangement, and another more strong and fearful to step in, fix the disease, and render it incurable. Alarming ideas may produce uneasiness and pain even in the most firm and healthy brain; but before any idea produces insanity the brain must be naturally or artificially prepared for the reception of the fearful guest.

In insanity, as in childhood, the brain is dreadfully susceptible of lasting impressions; and the more absurd, impossible, and unnatural they are, the greater is the difficulty which lies in the way of getting rid of them. You may know it to be a mockery, a delusion, a thing that never was, never could be, and yet there it stands as palpable as if it were hewn out of the granite. This de-

lusion may continue long after recovery, and is quite compatible with the possession of strength of mind to conceal it. This is what may be called the dregs of insanity, and may exist without being allowed to influence the actions. A man may be quite rational upon almost every point save one, and on that he may be a dangerous lunatic; and his lunacy may have its root in the most humane and praise-worthy feelings of our nature. There is nothing more wicked than virtue out of its wits, nothing more cruel than humanity run mad.

The London *Times* newspaper states, that in 1859 twelve hundred and forty cases of suicide were brought before the coroners in England and Wales. How many cases occurred in the same space of time in Scotland, where no regular inquest is held, cannot be known, but we have no reason to believe that it would fall below that average.

What an amount of insanity going at large, unwatched and unrecognized, in its first and curable form, have we here. Nature's first and strongest law must be reversed, and self-preservation blotted out and self-destruction stand glaring in its stead; that intense desire to live, which man stretches into eternity, and which rules every action from birth to death of the insect and of the elephant, must not only be destroyed, but its very antithesis must have reared itself in fearful strength upon its ruins, before man can lift his hand against his own life. That this can ever happen when the mind is in a healthy state is an utter impossibility. No sane man or woman ever committed suicide.

In the acute form of the disease, the impulse may be as sudden and irresistible as if the victim was blown from a cannon's mouth; in the more subdued, but more miserable form, it may be deliberate and slow—no haste, no hurry, but equally certain if left to itself; and no ray of hope pierces that deep dense darkness which weighs upon the soul like lead. Both of these states are the direct offspring of disease, whatever may have been the cause which produced it, and through one or other of these states the suicide must pass; and when madness or despair becomes a healthy state of being, then may sane men destroy themselves, but not till then.

The Hindoo widow mounting the funeral pile—the discomfited Roman warrior falling upon his own sword, appear exceptions to this rule, and they certainly are suicides of a peculiar class; but look a little deeper and you will at once see that education had

subverted nature—that the false fear of dishonour had most unnaturally conquered the natural fear of death, and thereby caused debility or disease in some portion of the brain. However, considering the way in which they would have been treated by their countrymen had they acted otherwise, there was actual compulsion in these cases, and they cannot fairly be included in the list of voluntary suicides.

Mind disease is lamentably prevalent among us, and the farther we depart from truth and nature—the more artificial and luxurious our habits of living become—the more gloomy and fearful our imaginings concerning an unknown future, the more will this dreadful disease spread and prevail. It may be said, and truly said, that these very primitive places, the islands and highlands of Scotland, furnish their proportion of lunacy; and yet luxurious living and deep or dreadful thinking are, as a rule, unknown; but we find that nature's law is violated there in another form—they intermarry too closely; and against the continuous mixture of the same blood nature has issued an interdict and sealed it with insanity's fearful curse.

No certain rule for the moral treatment of lunacy can be laid down. The insane mind is so erratic in its movements, and the speech and actions are often so diametrically opposed in their nature to the motives that produce them, and the effects produced by advice or kindness, however wise, sincere, or well-intentioned, so opposite to that which we find in sanity, that in general the safest way is to pay attention to their bodily requirements and let moral treatment alone. To combat the delusions of a maniac is often to confirm them—pass them by, do not listen to his ravings. The delusions may die out of themselves, but neither he nor you can kill them. Leave him in the hands of that great physician, time.

Still there are many cases to which this does not at all apply. When a patient knows and acknowledges that he is ill, and is willing to take medicine and conform to any rules that may be laid down to him for the purpose of promoting his recovery, however hopeless he may be of ever getting relief—which in low melancholy cases he always is—then is there room for the application of moral treatment; and he who applies it should know well the fearful responsibility which clings to the office which he has assumed, for in many cases it lies with him whether the man be saved or lost. He must be a very fiend who would designedly add to the sufferings of

an insane person; but ignorance, with the most upright and merciful intentions, may work irremediable mischief. In some stages of this disease it matters little what sort of moral supervision they are under; in other stages it is a matter of most vital importance. Experience gathered from common every-day life is not to be depended upon in the treatment of the insane. An old illustration of this, with which I was intimately connected, looms before my mind's eye with all the freshness of yesterday upon it.

The mind of a person of a most nervous and energetic temperament, on account of some disagreeable circumstances connected with his family, got a little disordered, and as the diseased mind instinctively looks always around it for some keener instrument of torture than the one from which it suffers, he, as thousands have done before, and thousands will likely do after, pitched upon some woe-denouncing passages in the Old Testament, and imagined that the curses had been specially manufactured for the purpose of being launched at him. In this state of mind he had not the power—it was an impossibility for him to draw consolation even from the promises so plentifully bestrewed through the pages of the New Testament, for even they were to all intents negative curses, for they applied not to him. Common sense might have taught any one that the entire book ought to have been kept out of his way. His wife thought otherwise, and whoever would have opposed her would have risked the awful charge of attempting to destroy the man's soul.

The man's agony went on till the mind, or the brain, if it be a more suitable word, died before the body, and lay an insensate mass within that dome, where it might have lived and reigned.

For seventeen years I have been in communication with insanity, and for a long time I have been deeply impressed with the idea, that could this disease be rendered more familiar, and of course less repulsive to the public mind, its chance of being checked and subdued in the first stage would be much greater. People hide it till it gathers strength, and the first public notice is sometimes written in the victim's blood. The fear of a lunatic asylum, has been the means of supplying asylums with many a nervous, weak-minded tenant.

In the hope of so far dissipating this dread, and freeing the bright spirit of hope from the talons of that dark demon despair, in the bosoms of those mentally afflicted, I have written this little

book; and while keeping truth in view, I have endeavoured to strip lunatic asylums of all imaginary terrors, and to render them familiar to the mental view; and by so doing I hope that I may be instrumental, in some cases, in doing away with the necessity for their use. This has been a natural consequence in corresponding cases, and I know no reason why lunacy and lunatic asylums should form exceptions to the general law.

I remember most vividly the first visitation of cholera to Glasgow, and the abject terror which the approach of that fearful stranger spread. Strong men trembled and fled; women, pale with fear, glided like spectres along the streets; the hands of the hireling coffined the deserted dead, and self, base cowardly self, was in the ascendant. Years passed, and the destroyer came again, and fear again fell upon the city; but women's faces were less pale now, they held the cup to the lips of the dying, they closed the eyes of the dead; and men looked the demon in the face, and wondered if there was no weapon in the armoury of nature that could strike this fiend. The reason was, that he was no stranger now—the gaps made by his former visit were still unfilled. That prostrating, undefined terror for the unknown had passed; we knew him now, and we knew that he had only power to kill. Once more he came, and we received him at the bayonet's point; our women now faced the foe, words of sympathy were whispered into the ears of the dying, and hot tears fell upon the cold faces of the dead. Natural affection, that had terror-stricken fled at the first approach of this untried foe, now resumed its sway; familiarity had robbed the disease of half its terrors, and by so doing had greatly lessened its power to destroy.

It is ever thus with all the evils which beset us: the closer we view them the less we fear them, and the less we fear them the more able are we to combat them. Impressed with the full force of this fact, Dr. Mackintosh, superintendent of Gartnavel Royal Lunatic Asylum, has exerted himself for a long time to give publicity to this establishment, and one of the most successful of his methods consists in giving concerts and balls to the inmates, and encouraging, by his most gentlemanly and courteous demeanour, representatives of the press to attend and report the proceedings in their various papers. That this course has had the effect of familiarising the public mind to a certain extent with, and rendering this asylum less an object of dread to many than it has hitherto

been, and thereby increasing its chance of usefulness, there can be no doubt.

In this asylum there is nothing that requires concealment. I have been through it very often, by night and by day, and never did yet see a single instance of harshness towards any patient. Extreme cleanliness and comfort, so far as is attainable in the circumstances of the various patients, prevail through the whole establishment, from the pauper to the highest class patient within the walls. Lunatics in general are a very harmless class; there is seldom much about them to fear. I have slept every night for months surrounded by them, and without a feeling of fear I could do so still. No doubt it is a dreadful disease, but not so universally dreadful as is generally thought. In the great majority of cases, provided proper treatment is resorted to at the commencement of the attack, it is curable, and where we find it incurable the brain is often benumbed, and consequently the day of suffering forever past; while in many other cases of confirmed insanity we see the manifestations of an intensity of enjoyment which no sane person can properly appreciate or know.

That lunatic asylums are not necessarily such horrible places as many people imagine may be inferred from what I have seen, and consequently know to be true. That is, there are discharged patients who, upon feeling the premonitory symptoms of another attack, have of themselves hurried out to Gartnavel and, as it were, thrown themselves upon the sympathizing bosom of Dr. Mackintosh, a gentleman who, in the exercise of his profession, knows no difference between a pauper and a peer. He sees only before him a suffering portion of human nature, and he cares not to what section of society the sufferer belongs.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT CONSTITUTES INSANITY?

This is a question not easily answered, for the line which separates sanity from insanity is invisible, and there are as many kinds and degrees of the disease as there are sufferers. In sanity every individual mind has its own peculiar mode of acting; and there is a visible law which rules and regulates, so that by a man's antecedents you can tell what he is likely to be or to do in the future. Individuality is also strongly marked in insanity. No two cases are exactly alike; but instead of serving for a guide, it is a meteor which, if followed, will ever lead you astray. What his nature has been gives no clue to what he is. What he is has no traceable connection with what in the next hour he may be. There may be real or apparent exceptions to this; but it will be understood that exceptions must apply to almost every thing that can be said on this subject.

If we reverse the question, and ask what is perfect sanity, we find that before that utopian state can be attained, the mind must be entirely free from all irrational or false forms of belief—must be a fountain which contains, and from which flows, nothing save pure unmingled elemental truth; and also that union of mind and body named man must be in a state of mental and physical perfection—every thought and action in unison with a state of being which we have never known. This is sanity; but if we infer from it that every one who comes not up to this standard is insane, then have we come to a most startling and sweeping conclusion, though perhaps a shade nearer to the truth than some people who have a very great and perhaps a very singular opinion of their own wisdom would like to acknowledge. The scale must be lowered very much before the common acceptation of the word be found, for a man may be very far indeed from reaching the mark, and yet be a most benevolent and useful member of society; and even should a human phœnix arise approaching to perfection, I fear that the company which he would be obliged to keep would soon bring him down to the standard of ordinary mortals.

So long as a man is able to provide for himself and his family,

if he has one, and offers no violence to himself or others, however false and absurd his ideas may be, and however eccentric his actions, he has no right to be classed with or treated as a lunatic. No, nor even though he should not be quite capable of managing his affairs with strict propriety, should the law empower any relative to step in and deprive—perhaps, take him for all in all, a wiser and a better man than himself—of his liberty and property.

In criminal cases it will remain forever impossible to tell to what extent a maniac should be held responsible, for no one, not even the unfortunate person himself, can tell whether the power to resist or the power which impelled him to commit the criminal action, if fairly pitted against each other, would have been strongest; besides, there are some natures far more capable of exerting the power of resistance than others. I believe that, in a moral point of view at least, no person is entirely irresponsible so long as judgment enough remains to enable him to single out from among others the object which he means to attack; unless the will has lost all power, and then, of course, the man has no more power over his actions than the piston has over the steam jets which are forcing it up and down in the cylinder. But when a case comes to be so very deplorable as this, I am inclined to think that generally the power of discrimination will also be gone, and that he will fly at all alike.

One afternoon, in the garden of the Asylum, a man, very dangerous at times, lifted a spade to strike his keeper. I went up to him, and while I offered him a piece of tobacco with the one hand, I gently took the spade from him with the other. Had the attendant come within his reach he would have killed him, while he neither injured, nor had the least design of offering injury, to me. This man knew very well what he was about, and had he killed his keeper he would have deserved punishment. Still, he was an incurable lunatic; and the law would have held him perfectly irresponsible for any action which he might have committed.

There are physical signs visible in some cases of hopeless insanity, such as a fleshy swelling closing up the ears, and others, which we need not name, but which tell us that, comparatively, a corpse may be a lovely thing to look upon, and that life may be ten thousand times more to be dreaded than death.

In certain cases of lunacy the entire nature of the sufferer becomes inverted. The social and amiable become morose and sullen; and the objects of their greatest love become that of their greatest

aversion. This is, as may naturally be thought, a form of the disease which does not easily yield either to time or treatment; and is most trying to the temper, affections, and feelings of relatives and friends. Yet this apparently unnatural conduct does in some cases arise from motives which, could we trace them, would command pity, veneration, and love. An insane husband may turn from and refuse to acknowledge his wife and children; and yet a mad regard for their safety, be the only motive which compels him to commit this seemingly unnatural act. He may believe, with an intensity of belief, which no man who has been always sane can ever imagine, that to acknowledge them as his, would cause their eternal destruction; and from motives equally affectionate and holy, he may imbrue his hands in their blood. There is a fearful page in the book of human nature, unread by him who judges an insane man by his actions.

In the first stage of mania, while the will has life and energy, if the patient does not powerfully resist the wild imaginings which, with the force and velocity of electricity, are sweeping through his brain, but hugs the destroyer to his heart, as he may feel impelled to do, then is the case very hopeless indeed; and there is a long dark vista opening up before him, and, looming in the distance, lowers the settled gloom of despair. Imaginary evils strike more fearfully and destructively upon the mind than the actual, the palpable, the real evils with which this world abounds. Amid starvation, pain, and nakedness, a man will sleep; but he who is hunted by some fancy-formed fiend, terrified by some baseless shadow, thrown from his own, or, possibly, from some other fool's dark brain, sleeps not, but falls into short troubled trances, the very antithesis of rest, and which, instead of renovating the racked and weary frame, tortures and destroys.

To reason with such cases is absolutely vain—the bane is ever mistaken by them for the antidote—they ever rush for relief into the midst of the fire which is consuming them. This is a form of insanity which may be aggravated by any ignorant person to an almost unlimited extent; but which the collective wisdom of the past and present can do little to alleviate, and nothing to cure.

Cold bathing is often resorted to in all the different kinds and degrees of insanity; and where the nervous system is only relaxed, and no great degree of excitement prevails, and the patient is not determinedly averse to its application, it will, in the most of cases,

do good; but in the cases of mental anguish—when every nerve is like a filament of fire—it is a piece of gratuitous cruelty, absolute torture, without the possibility of its being productive of any thing save unmitigated evil. As much water with the chill off as will keep the skin clean, is all that ever in such cases should be applied.

But there is still greater danger in the indiscriminate application of hot bathing. I was, many years ago, in a very dull, miserable, and desponding state; but quite willing to do anything that I was bid, with a view to lead to my recovery. A physician of the very highest standing in Glasgow, recommended a warm bath. I went into the bath myself, listless and dull as despair, I instantly felt as if a stream of fire was rushing upwards, and I sprung out of the bath raging mad. Two female relatives were all that was in the house—they at once fled for assistance, and had it not been instantly procured, my sufferings would have been past.

There is a natural affinity between all kinds of madness; and whether the patient be bit by a mad dog, or stung by a mad thought, an instinctive dread of water will be felt, and in no case should any thing be forced upon any patient which causes terror, horror, or disgust. There is a root from which these symptoms spring, which no physician's eye can reach; a reason so powerful in its irrationality, as sometimes to shake the sufferer's system to the verge of dissolution. No doubt when food is for a length of time refused, it must be forced upon them; but I much fear, that life thus preserved will often be the reverse of a blessing.

CHAPTER III.

DELUSIONS.

PREVALENT although insanity be among us, I see no reason for believing that it is more prevalent now than in the more ignorant ages that are past. The diaries of many of our forefathers are merely daily records of their author's strugglings with insanity. And the criminal records of the not very long past, show that the popular cure for madness was to hang the madman.

Many men lived and died fighting with this distemper, without ever knowing the name or nature of their disease. New agencies have sprung up, from the ashes of the old, tending to the same result, and thus the balance may possibly be maintained. Science, which has shut the door in the face of many a mind-murdering fallacy, has opened up new fields, which lead to the same dire terminus. There is a form of the disease, in which the judgment is comparatively sound, while the imagination has broken loose from the control of the will, when every thought, as it glances from the diseased brain, is responded to by a thrill of agony. It is a fearful thing for a man to be mad, and to be conscious that he is so. I am convinced, that a thought of an intensely exciting nature, passing through a brain in this state, or through one very easily excited naturally, can kill as quickly, as a shock of electricity from a thunder cloud, and that the death-bearing messenger, in both cases, are nearly allied.

I have, while recovering from an attack of mania, not once, but several times, been struck down as utterly senseless by a thought, as if I could have been by a blow. My father was a man in whom the organ of veneration must have been developed to a degree, which many of our mercantile professors of religion, now would consider, amounting almost to insanity. In the midst of youth, health and usefulness, he fell dead from his chair, with a book in his hand. My mother kept that book, and held it sacred, as a memento of her irreparable loss. I was a young child then, but many years after, when I had learned, by fearful experience, the power of imagination, that book came into my hands, and I looked upon it then, as I do now, as the instrument which had left a

family of infants fatherless. I have no doubt but some of those sudden deaths, for which no cause can be assigned or seen, are the result of this silent thunder, which bursts from the imagination when in a state of excitement or disease.

There is fearful danger in allowing the mind to dwell exclusively, or nearly so, upon any one subject; variety is absolutely necessary to keep the mind in health, to keep it from rising above, or sinking below, the level of calm, right-judging, rationality. There are subjects which, if followed to excess, must rouse the spirit to madness; there are others which must sink it to apathy, or idiocy. There is a plain physical reason for this, if one portion of the brain be constantly acted upon, that portion gets either benumbed or inflamed. A young girl falls in love with a young man—her every faculty is absorbed in this first and fearful love, his image is branded upon her brain, and reflected in the crimson streamlet which flows from her warm heart; he dies or deserts her, and she goes mad. This is a common case. Every female ward in every lunatic asylum proclaims it, and tells also, that it is a form of the disease over which, in many cases, treatment has little control.

For many years I was deeply impressed with the belief that I was possessed of talents of a high order for a particularly exciting department in science; and for the development of the fancied gift, I threw my whole soul into the study. I nursed it till it became a mania. Working, eating, or sleeping, it was ever there. The everlasting reflection of its fiery form inflamed my brain—every thought became agony, and I went mad. My spirit was impaled upon the instrument on which it had so sinfully leant,—hope fled, and in her place reigned that sleep-hating demon, despair. Agony-driven, I hurried ceaselessly on through that room, till every foot mark of my bruised and blistered feet could be traced in blood and water upon the floor. Sleep, that oil, that priceless balm for the weary soul, had entirely departed; and my parched brain glowed like a furnace. Were any one to ask me how long I travelled upon these bruised and bleeding feet—how long my glaring eyeballs refused protection from lids that felt like fire, my answer would break his faith in my veracity forever.

I purpose to note down a few of my recollections concerning my thoughts and actions while under the influence of the disease, in the hope that they may be useful to those whose business it is to watch over the insane, and a warning to those who, through igno-

rance or recklessness, abuse their minds, till the tortured spirit, like a fire-begirt scorpion, turns upon itself and stings.

One night, after a number of weeks of fearful suffering, as I was lying in bed tossing, sleepless and despairing, a most horrible impulse seized upon me, an impulse impelling me to destroy one who, of all living beings, most deserved my love. I buried myself under the bed clothes, and struggled with the hellish impulse till the bed shook. It still gained strength. I sprung up, clung to the bed-post, and sunk my teeth, in the agony of despair, into the hard wood. It was uncontrollable. I shut my eyes, bowed down my head, for fear that I should see her, and rushed out of the house. Barefooted, with no covering save a night-shirt, I ran through the streets to the Police Office, and implored them to lock me up. Fortunately the officer on duty was a humane and sensible man. He gave me a watch-coat to wrap around me, kept me under his own eye, and, I suppose, sent notice to my friends, for my wife and sister came with clothing. The paroxysm had passed, and gasping, panting for death in any form, I accompanied them home, steeped to the lips in despair.

I had a little sickly boy, a special favourite on account of his helplessness; and after I was removed to the Asylum, night and day the weeping and wailing of that child rung around me, and the cry, "I'm hungry, father, I'm hungry," scorched my heart like fire. This, to me, soul-harrowing cry, broke down what little reason I had remaining; and when my wife came to see me, I insisted on taking my clothes off to give her to sell for food to the children. I inquired wildly for that child; she told me he was at home and well. How could I believe her, when I heard him distinctly while she spoke, sobbing and crying, "I'm hungry, father, I'm hungry." I became convinced that the child was in the Asylum, although I could not see him; and I was in the constant practice of putting a portion of my food, at every meal, into a corner, in the hope that he might fall in with it in his wanderings. His voice became weaker; and then the wail changed to—"My father does not care for me now." The whole of my food was laid into corners for him now—I could not taste it. This was allowed to go on till it was evident that it would end in death, and then I was shut up in a room by myself, and food of the most savoury description offered me, and left with me. I tried to take it, when—"I'm hungry, father, I'm hungry," from that now weak, dying infant voice, again

pierced through my soul. I felt the blood rushing to my head—flames seemed to issue from my eyes, and then comes a blank in memory's book, the only blank that in all my sufferings I have ever known.

I have reason to think that about a fortnight elapsed before memory awoke from that death-like slumber. How I behaved during that time I never knew; but the first thing I remember was awakening as out of a horrible dream. I think they had been trying what cold and darkness would do for me, for I was chilled to the marrow, and the place was dark. I thought to myself, without speaking, how long have I been here, when instantly a voice within me replied, "a thousand years." Impossible; I could not live so long, I thought, when the voice again replied, "thou shalt never die." The idea of never dying struck more terror to my soul than ever sentence of death did to the veriest coward that ever crawled, and crouched, and begged for leave to live. I thought I saw a chink in the wall, through which light was streaming. It was imagination, for it must have been a solid wall. I looked through it, and there was a paved court, with stables all round, and troop horses tied to rings in the wall. Some soldier-like men were grooming them, while others were cleaning carbines, holster pistols, and swords. I knew now, what I had before suspected, that the Asylum was a barrack for banditti—the pretended patients a band of brigands, and that there was not an insane or an honest man in the establishment. This idea continued for a long time in full force, and I had not got rid of it when I left the Asylum. It received rather a startling confirmation the first day, I think it was, after I was brought down from seclusion. They were at that time furnishing the west house, and two or three carts of furniture were driven past the window of the gallery in which I was placed. I recognized this at once as plunder, and could distinctly see a number of valuable articles belonging to a friend of mine, who resided at no great distance from the Asylum.

To many a day of agony did that delusion doom me, for I was in terror for the fate of any friend, who came to inquire for or to visit me; and the very communicative spirit which had now taken permanent lodgings within me, assured me that if I gave my wife or any other friend the slightest hint about the character of the place, they never would be permitted to leave the Asylum alive. Had it not been for this, I would have positively prohibited my

wife from visiting me, although I knew that by so doing I would have opened the floodgates of utter despair. These visits were the "be all and the end all" of my existence; and, perhaps, assisted by the agony thus mingled with them, kept my spirit alive, and saved it from sinking into that death of the intellect, idiocy. Many a dark hint I gave her; and one time after she left me, the idea that I had spoken too plainly, and that they had killed her in consequence, roused me into madness again. What a fearful week of sleepless suffering. Could I have got at that magazine of gunpowder, which I believed these robbers had stowed away in the cellars, under the Asylum, how eagerly would I have applied the match which would have blown us all to destruction. My wife, however, came on the appointed day as usual, and brought the child with her, whose hunger-stricken cry had so tortured me. He had been in the country, and had greatly improved in health and appearance; and as the little fellow clung round my neck and kissed me, I could not help thinking that he could not have been quite so hungry as he had said. It would appear that nothing short of the utter destruction of itself can satisfy the insane mind; for they had not long left me till I fancied that the child was still in the Asylum, and that he had been fattened up by some infernal process for the purpose of deceiving me, and that his mother had been compelled to join in the conspiracy against her child and me.

I often could not get sleep, nor even get attempting to try to sleep, for that spirit which had taken up its lodgings in my stomach, replying to every thought, and most pertinaciously insisting that I should listen while it read to me out of a book, the words of which alternately fell cold as haildrops on my brain, or flowed upon it like a stream of molten fire. Strange to say, circumstances which could only have been seen or known by me in my infancy, and of which I was entirely ignorant, but which, by after inquiry, I found to be true, were mingled with the most horrible lies. The truths must have lain forgotten and illegible in some dark corner of the brain, till lighted up and rendered readable by the wild glare which madness throws on every thing around. Stung to the quick by a fearful lie which he was reading about my father, I demanded the name of the book. "It is the text-book of hell, the bible of the damned," was the instant reply. After this, let him do as he liked, I would listen no more to him or his book; and by persevering in this, the entire delusion slowly faded away.

During the whole period of my residence in the Asylum, my wife visited me upon a stated day of each week; and except at the time of my seclusion, when she was told, that I was too ill to be seen, no week passed without her seeing me. During a portion of the time, she had to travel from Rutherglen, seven miles distant from the Asylum. There was no conveyance between these places in those days; yet, let the day be ever so stormy, there she was, true as the sun to her time. To this, to her I owe my preservation from suicide, or idiocy. These visits gave me something to think upon, they were, as it were, a solid spot in a troubled ocean, whereon the spirit could occasionally rest. Often when I felt mad feelings arising, or a cold icy feeling of stupor creeping over my brain, I have been soothed or roused by the thought of seeing her, and hearing from my children, my love for whom madness had only inflamed. Before the close of my confinement, I believed that all my children were in the Asylum, and I heard their different voices from under the floor, screaming to me, to save them from tortures which I dare not name. It would have required a brain of brass, to have withstood this; mine was never composed of any such material, and I would stand motionless as a statue for hours, feeling little, thinking little, and only possessed by a dreamy consciousness that I existed; and then a cry of agony, from some much-loved voice, would ring through my brain, like the last trumpet sounding the resurrection, then instantly that corpse-like form was raging with mad life, and that dark mental sepulchre was gleaming bright with fires, that glowed like hell.

My wife saw that recovery was getting more hopeless—that I was getting absent and stupid; in plain terms, that I was sinking into idiocy, and she at once determined to try to save me, let the consequences be what they would. In the face of the earnest remonstrance of the physician belonging at that time to the Establishment—who had a bad opinion of my case from the first—who assured her that I was dangerous, and the advice, almost the threatenings of relations, she took me home, not in ignorance, nor recklessness, for she knew that there was danger, and was prepared calmly to meet it. She told me since, that she never expected that I would be of much use in providing for the family; but, that she intended me, when I was a little more settled, to take care of the house and children, while she wrought at a business, which she followed before marriage, for our support.

Although very unsettled for some weeks, so much so, that any one possessed of less love or less firmness than her, would assuredly have sent me back to the Asylum; the change, and the society of my family saved me; and although for a considerable time, not quite fitted for the duties of the situation, a true friend, a cousin of my own, gave me employment, and instead of finding fault with my short-comings, encouraged me to persevere; and, thus although I have always been very willing to act as nurse to her babies, she never yet has required to work for their support; nor has she ever rued the day, on which she took her poor insane husband by the hand, and walked off with him from among the doctors, who I have no doubt, thought her own sanity a little doubtful.

This subject is to me decidedly painful, but I do hope that my treatment of it, may be a means of encouraging friends to persevere in their attention to relatives who are thus afflicted, and in this hope, I have told my plain truthful story, and who knows, but that it may tend to soften the prejudices which almost every one entertains against such as I; and I may add, for the consolation of the afflicted and their friends, that a fit of insanity does not necessarily permanently injure either the feelings, or the intelligence of the person, after the fit has passed. For myself, I can truly say, that my entire mind was clearer and stronger—my conduct more rational, and my imagination, naturally very strong, more under control after my recovery, than it had ever been during any former period of my existence. Still, I suspect that grief or disappointment, irregularity of living, especially want of sleep, may have a greater tendency to induce mental derangement in such, than if they had never been thus afflicted. This is merely a supposition, but that they belong to the nervous class subject to this disease, is a certainty; and as they thus carry one part of the disease within them, they should be doubly careful to avoid all things tending to produce unhealthy mental excitement, which, in their case, is all that is awanting to induce another attack. I have often felt this, and felt also that it could be often controlled by a determined exercise of the will. Often I have risen and walked firmly through the room, or field holding myself in, as I would rein in a horse which was striving to break away in spite of curb-chain, bridle, or bit.

Thirteen years after leaving the asylum, I went back of my own accord, infirm health and anxiety about my family consequent

thereon, brought the brain into a state of predisposition, favourable for the attack; and the death of a child, along with other depressing circumstances, brought it on. I was not nearly so bad as I had been before, and I have no doubt but this was owing, in a great degree, to the dear bought experience which I had gained; but I was bad enough to feel, that no safety lay for me out of confinement. However, I tried to work the disease off before going into the Asylum. I knew well that the insane impulses, which my whole strength could hardly control, might become at any moment wholly uncontrollable; so, to guard against consequences, I hired a man to stop in the house with me during the night, but when the fourth night had passed without sleep, I knew that dreadful nights and days were before me, and that home was no longer a place for me.

My removal into Gartnavel Asylum had a sedative effect upon me at once, for I knew that let me get ever so mad, I was now where I could hurt no one; besides, I exactly knew what the Asylum was, and had none of these delusions concerning it which haunted me so fearfully before. Dr. Mackintosh understood my case at once, and by the most judicious treatment, aided no doubt, by his affectionate manner, the disease soon began to abate; and at the end of six weeks I was so far recovered as to be allowed to go out and visit my family without an attendant. Still the snake was only scotched, not killed; and it required a few weeks more before I could be trusted for a night out of the Asylum.

This was in the summer of 1856; and although I go often out to visit my friends at the Asylum, Dr. Mackintosh is of opinion that I am not at all likely ever to become a residenter there again.

The mind is composed of members as well as the body; and as a man's arms may be very strong and healthy, and yet his legs be rheumatic and ulcerous, so may one member or organ of the mind be sound and healthy, and another in a state of hopeless disease. I am, and have been for years, intimately acquainted with men, indeed I number some of them among my particular friends, whose advice on many subjects I would ask and take, and yet they are subject to delusions which totally unfit them, and, to all appearance, will ever unfit them, from residing outside the walls of a lunatic asylum. As an instance of this, one gentleman who has been in confinement for many years, and whose conversational talents, when he chooses to exert them, are wonderful, happening to meet me on one of the walks belonging to Gartnavel Asylum,

remarked that an article, which he knew I had written for a publication, had not yet appeared, and asked me if I had not made inquiry at the editor concerning it. I replied that I had not, nor did I intend to do so, for my services had been asked, not offered, and I thought that the less I had to do with such editors the better. "Send you him a civil note, and if that does not bring a satisfactory reply, send in your account," was my friend's answer, and no lawyer could have given me a sounder advice; no, although I had paid him six and eightpence for it.

I recollect of a man who had been a clerk, and who was nearly an idiot. He could not speak two consecutive sentences connectedly upon any subject save upon figures. I accidentally discovered this as I was sitting beside him, calculating the contents of a large piece of timber. He took the pencil from my hand, and brought out the number of cube feet and inches by a much shorter process than mine, and clearly explained to me the method by which he did it. I had formerly looked upon this person as a common idiot.

We find men talking rationally and instructively perhaps for as long as you choose to remain with them, and by leading the conversation, keep them clear of the delusion which rules them—however, to do this, you must know what that delusion is—and yet as soon as you leave them, their whole being may be absorbed in ruling the clouds and regulating the weather, or in nervously watching the movements of a little devil, who has taken possession of the uppermost joint of the forefinger without leave being asked or obtained. These are real cases, not imaginary.

CHAPTER IV.

NARCOTICS AND THEIR EFFECTS.

NATURE will in no case calmly submit to be forced. The motion of the human machine may be accelerated or sweetened by artificial means; but if the government be long taken out of nature's hands, it must inevitably tend to a break down or an explosion. I may be mistaken, but I believe that in sleeplessness, arising from mental distress, no permanent good can arise from the use of powerful sedatives. Were the case utterly hopeless, then the temporary lull which they produce would justify their use; but where there is a probability of recovery, it is better that the patient should suffer for the time than that his or her chance of ultimate recovery should be delayed or destroyed for the sake of present relief, or a destructive habit engendered, which may cling to them through the remainder of a life rendered miserable by an insatiable gnawing, which nothing can for a moment satisfy but the agent which creates the desire.

Tobacco is allowed to the inmates of lunatic asylums; and, well knowing the fearful deprivation which the want of it is to those who have been long accustomed to its use, I believe that the denial of it in many cases would be cruelty; still, at the same time, I do believe that it is decidedly bad for all diseases where the brain or its adjuncts are concerned. Its effects upon the nervous system are powerfully bad; but it must be recollected that smoking dry cigars and smoking Scotch or Irish oily twist, through a pipe redolent of the essential oil of tobacco—a pipe, the head of which would blaze in the fire as fiercely as a pine knot—are very different branches, though springing from the same root. Indeed, there is nearly as much difference as there is in smelling at snuff in a box and taking a pinch of the snuff into the nostrils. A new pipe or a cigar to a confirmed old Scotch smoker is simply nauseous, while an old black pipe is a luxury, and the breaking of one an event which I have often heard deeply deplored. I have smoked a pipe which had been in use for seven years. It belonged to a shoemaker. Its venerable head was bound round with "rosin-ends," and its fractured stem enclosed in splints and bandages, as neatly and care-

fully as though its owner had been a surgeon and its stem a broken limb. Before I lost sight of it, it had become too precious for common use, and was only taken from its box on new-years' days and Fair of Glasgow Fridays.

I have before me a few pages, which I wrote some years ago, upon tobacco; and although I see that the style is not quite fitted for so grave a subject as insanity, yet as it tends to show the power of that condition of the mind called habit, and is not otherwise foreign to our subject, I will venture to give it a place.

There appears to be an unquenchable thirst in the human mind for something beyond which reason and nature requires; and many a strange and unnatural custom has this craving called into energy and life. To fill the unfathomed void, some thinking men conjure up metaphysical spectres, till the actual fades, like a half-remembered dream, before the unreal; and the earth, studded with blessings as the firmament is with stars, appears to their morbid imaginations peopled with impossibilities, as dark and gloomy as the shadow which has fallen upon their own souls. The sensualist grasps at something more tangible and gross, and his resources may be safely named legion; still, of many of them it may be said as the old Scotchman said of his son—"There is baith guid and ill aboot our Jock."

Now, courteous Reader, did you ever smoke four hundred and ninety pounds' weight of tobacco? Nay, do not start as if you were insulted. I have done so; and as man is a gregarious animal, and dearly loves companionship, I fondly hope that you may have done the same. It was a serious job, certainly, the smoking of as much tobacco as would have killed 15,680 horses, had it been equally divided, and a fair proportion administered to each of them at a dose. Yes, the inhaling of such a wondrously large cloud of tobacco smoke was really a serious piece of business, and took about thirty years for its completion.

In dampness and darkness I have hammered at flint with steel with an intensity of purpose as strong as if the nation's fate depended upon the lighting of my pipe, and ground my teeth with vexation as the red stream of sparks vainly fell upon the damp tinder, in days (or nights rather) before Lucifer had sent his matches to a terrestrial market. I have often fallen asleep with the pipe in my mouth; occasionally have I set fire to the sheets; and once I awoke rather hurriedly with the front of my night-shirt

converted (or perverted) into a blistering plaster of undeniable efficacy. I have risen at midnight to my task, and could not fall asleep without it. From land and sea, from mountain and from flood, from English heath, from Scottish moors, from transatlantic forest, the smoke from my pipe has ascended. I have smoked in sadness and in pain, in sickness and in sorrow, in health, in hope, and in joy, laughing with the living, and weeping over the dead. I have blown tobacco smoke in the face of the demon pestilence, and lighted my pipe when what I took for the shadow of death was passing between me and the sun.

Now, I cannot find it in my heart to abuse and rail at such an old, and such an intimate acquaintance, and the truth is this, we have parted company for many months, I love my old crony still. Tobacco is, and must be a source from which pleasurable sensations are derived, else its use could never have been so universal; still I suspect, that in most cases the irritation, aye, the misery, caused by the occasional want of tobacco, or of the opportunity to use it, goes far to counterbalance the enjoyment.

To enjoy happiness is the aim of us all, but the greatest amount of it is to be gained by striving to confer happiness on others. Devotion to self, brings but a miserably small return; but when our actions tend to raise joyful feelings in the hearts of others, these feelings are reflected back upon ourselves, multiplied, and magnified; yet if it be a settled matter, that a great number of men *must* have some deleterious substance to enjoy themselves with, tobacco is perhaps as little mentally, morally, or physically, injurious as any other thing of the same nature which we know. There is something social and friendly in lighting your pipe, and smoking it in company with a neighbour or friend; and I have no doubt, but that a thrill of delight has tingled to many a man's finger-ends, while handing a piece of tobacco to some poor fellow whose box happened to be empty; and, thus tobacco may be the means of fostering benevolence, that feeling which beautifies and redeems human nature.

He must have been a strange mortal who invented smoking. I have sometimes thought it likely, that, had that individual never existed, smoking would have been for ever unknown; that no other brain would ever have teemed with an idea so monstrously absurd and unnatural. Chewing tobacco I can understand. It is natural for man, and the majority of animals to chew; but, how it ever

entered into any human head to inhale smoke, for the purpose of blowing it out again, is fairly beyond my comprehension. But the mischief is, that this smoke does not always end in smoke, but often impairs the digestive powers, and thus muddles the current of life at the fountain head, creating diseased blood, and, as a matter of course, diseased muscle, diseased nerve, diseased brain. Man must be the very strangest of all animals, or he never could, or would learn to smoke, the probationary sickness is so prostrating, that any other creature save himself would turn upon the threshold with disgust; and then the filling of pipes, and getting of lights are so troublesome—but it is needless to speak thus, let one mad fool leap over a precipice, and you may safely calculate upon thousands of necks being broken.

Tobacco, if long made use of, takes a fearful hold on the mind and body. The sudden deprivation of it is a desperate punishment, and has, in many cases, produced temporary madness. The magistrate who condemns two offenders for the same offense to the same term of imprisonment—the one a slave to tobacco, the other free from its dominion—condemns them to a very unequal amount of punishment. There are two circumstances to be considered in connection with this case. One may be termed physical, and the other mental; there is the morbid craving for the accustomed supply of the drug, and there is the habit formed by the furnishing of that supply. Every smoker must have observed that during sickness, when the desire for tobacco, and very likely for everything else, had left him, that the mere force of habit would keep impelling him to fill and light his pipe. It would require hard fighting to conquer either of these habits, but when united they will be found in most cases invincible.

The late Mr. Leith, coach proprietor in Glasgow, had a groom who could not be contented without a brass pin in his mouth, with which he indulged in the remarkably cheap luxury of jagging his gums. One day Mr. Leith had occasion to send him to Hamilton, distant about ten miles, when he said to his man, "Now, Tom, if you will ride to Hamilton and back without the pin in your mouth, I will give you five shillings." Tom threw the pin from him, mounted his horse, and rode off with a face that had quite a conquer-or-die look about it. To keep himself free from temptation, he also threw away a few spare ones that he had in the breast of his jacket. He returned crestfallen, and confessed that he had

been obliged to dismount on this side of Hamilton, and regale his gums with a thorn from a hedge, as a substitute for the accustomed pin. Habit had conquered; indeed, I believe that habit almost always gains the first, second, and perhaps the third battle; but fight on, and perseverance will annihilate him.

When a young man, I was at one time employed close upon the sea shore, and having little companionship, I attached myself very closely to my pipe; and the consequence was that I smoked myself into a low, nervous, feverish state, besides getting nearly blind. I felt that I ought to refrain, but the desire and the habit swept the judgment and the will before them as the autumnal wind sweeps before it the rustling, dry, brown forest leaves.

At a short distance from where I dwelt there was a rock, the base of which was dry at low water, but a depth of six or seven feet was around it at flood. In a cleft of this rock I deposited my pipe at low water, resolving that I would drop smoking if I could, and that, at any rate, I would not take a smoke till I came back and took the pipe from its hiding-place in the rock. This, of course, I meant as a check upon me, and so it was for a few hours. I faced it boldly for about four hours. The consciousness of doing right upheld me, and then habit began to turn my pockets inside out, in search of something which I vainly strove to make myself believe was not the pipe. Then came the physical craving, the unbearable gnawing, and the two kept dragging me back to the rock, as the dog drags from his box the very unwilling badger. I spent a miserable afternoon and night, got silent and sulky, and very sententious in my mode of expressing myself. For example, my landlady kindly asks, "Are you no very weel the nicht my man?" "Quite," says I. "I havena seen you smoking this while —hae you nae tobacco?" "Plenty," replies I. "Dear me, but you are as short as cat's harns," says the good old woman, and so ends our conversation.

I went to bed, but could not sleep. About midnight strange ideas began to flit through my brain. I could stand out no longer. On goes my clothes, with very little ceremony as far as regarded braces or buttons, and off goes I post haste for the rock. The tide was about half run, but a strong and steady breeze from seaward was still dashing the waves far up upon the rock, sparkling with that phosphorescent gleam peculiar to salt water when stirred by whatever cause in darkness. In went I—the second and third

waves which met me, dashed up breast high and filled my mouth with brine; but wave number four found me under the lee of the rock with my pipe in my hand, and before many minutes had elapsed I was smoking away furiously, with my boots full of very cold water, and my clothes hanging about me like wet sails.

A fit of sickness—the more severe and lasting the better for the purpose—gives a most excellent chance of throwing off any bad habit, if its possessor be really anxious to set it adrift. With returning health, no doubt, the desire for the indulgence, whatever it may be, returns, but weakened so much as to be easily and successfully resisted, if the will be there; and if the sickness has continued long enough, habit will have expired through want of exercise—the food which preserves it alive, and will require to go through the process of resurrection before it can again be brought into activity and life.

The effects of tobacco upon the sight, upon the optic nerve, are very visible and very striking. Many years ago I went to the then, and still, justly celebrated Dr. Mackenzie of Glasgow, complaining of my eyesight. "Drop smoking tobacco, or you will get blind," said the doctor. I did drop it for some time, and in less than a month my sight was completely restored, and it was far gone when I applied to Dr. Mackenzie. I am aware that it will not affect every one in this way, but I am also aware that it must exert the same destructive influence, in a greater or less degree, upon every one whose nervous organization is of a highly excitable type; and as it is such who are predisposed to insanity, they ought to be very careful indeed, for that which may be nearly harmless to others, may leave neither their mind nor their body unscathed.

CHAPTER V.

FANATICISM.

MAN can patiently submit to be contradicted, can reason calmly and rationally upon almost any subject except religion. Contradict or question the truth of the most absurd dogma connected therewith, and instantly the spirit of intolerance leaps into life, and the fanatical believer would condemn all who differ from him to death here and perdition hereafter. The Hindoo unresistingly submitted to be kicked, to be lashed, to be robbed, to be enslaved; but as soon as the order to bite greased cartridges was given, he stood forth, in vengeance a demon, in determined resistance a hero and a martyr.

It is a powerful feeling, stronger far than the fear of death, and one that has in all recorded ages been most fearfully abused. Nothing assimilates man more closely to the fiend than religious fanaticism. As a flood of fire from the bosom of a living volcano sweeps down the verdant slope, turning flower and fruit into smoke and ashes, so does fanaticism sweep over mercy and truth, and where these glorious attributes might have flourished we find cruelty, intolerance, injustice, tyranny in its most malignant form, and a heart as insensible to human suffering as the cooled down lava is to the desolation around.

Diseased veneration or religious feeling brings on lunacy of a most acute, hopeless, and agonizing description. The suffering is so dreadful, that if relief be long delayed the brain sinks into apathy, and idiocy extinguishes alike the sense of enjoyment and the sense of suffering.

The following extract from Gartnavel Asylum Report for 1859, illustrates this in a manner which chills the very blood while we read:—

"One of the casualties, which resulted from apoplexy, occurred in the case of a middle-aged man, who laboured under a most severe attack of suicidal melancholia. He had derived a hereditary tendency to insanity—his temperament was nervous, his habits sober and industrious, and, outwardly at least, he bore a moral and religious character. The exciting cause we could not discover. It

was the first attack, and stated to be of short duration. On admission, his bodily health was very feeble, and he was emaciated and exhausted; he was absent in mind, extremely depressed in spirits—refusing all subsistence. His ideas ran on religious subjects. Among other delusions, not uncommon, he believed that he had committed the unpardonable sin; that his soul was irretrievably lost; and that, in consequence, the sooner he destroyed himself the better. He begged all near him to put him out of existence. The suicidal propensity grew more and more intense; and nothing could exceed the pertinacity of his efforts, by every possible means, to terminate his life. He attempted to suffocate himself, by stuffing things into his mouth, by holding his breath and grasping his throat, by burning, by dashing his head against the wall, by starvation, and, in short, by all and every means he could think of. Finding that he could not thus attain his object, he next attacked his fellow-patients, with the view of provoking them to kill him. The excitement increased till the third day, when the paroxysm reached its height, and he suddenly fell into a state of stupor, in which he remained for five days, but from which he slowly emerged. In a short time afterwards, he became quite rational, and sensible of his real position and of his illness; thanked us for the care we had taken to prevent his morbid desire from being carried into effect; and entreated to be permitted to return to his home and his family, on an early day. He then became so well that the day was fixed for his removal. Meanwhile he continued to improve; and he was considered convalescent up till within two days before the time fixed for his dismissal, when he was observed to have become somewhat dull in spirits, and to manifest a desire to court solitude; and, on the following day, he was found to labour under his former delusions. These became more and more prominent, with a most peculiar expression of eyes and countenance, which was also observed in the former paroxysm—and the utmost determination to destroy himself. The padded room was found useful; and the unremitting exertions of two or three attendants, by night as well as by day, successfully prevented all mischief from happening. These symptoms again gradually disappeared, in a few days he became tolerably rational. But this time the intermission was of shorter duration, and was not so well marked as after the first paroxysm. A third and fatal paroxysm followed, characterised by an exaggeration of all the former symptoms. Towards the height of this attack, he

made several attempts, by pinching and biting the skin, to open the superficial veins of the arms, that he might bleed to death; and, with the same intent he severely bit his tongue. The bleeding, happily, was, in none of these instances, of any great consequence. The excitement gradually increased, and *pari passu* the persistence and violence of his attempts to commit suicide. The excitement, however, appeared to be wearing out his enfeebled frame. Suddenly, he staggered and fell apoplectic to the ground, and, despite our efforts, died in a few hours thereafter. Such was the termination of this melancholy case."

Sometimes the disease takes another form, and, then the victim is apt to fancy himself heaven's appointed avenger, and that he is destined to destroy all the enemies of God; which, in his imagination, may include nearly every living thing save himself. The victim of this horrible delusion gets thoroughly demonized; he revels in an atmosphere of curses, and had he the power, would deluge the earth with blood. Of all living things, the religious fanatic, if armed with power, is the most dangerous. My experience says, that nearly all incurable cases of insanity can be directly, or indirectly, traced to this source. I believe that no loss, no grief, entirely connected with this world, can render any ordinary minded man an incurable lunatic. An earthly grief may be, often is, the starting post, but the goal lies in another sphere; and we find that the unnatural light of their frenzied joy, is nearly, as destructive to judgment, and true moral feeling, as the darkness of their despair.

We may safely assume, that whatever injures the bodily or mental health of mankind is sinful, also, that sin can never be a direct emanation from Heaven. The effects of revivals of the phrenetical kind, and of those alone do I write, are to prostrate the physical energies—to excite the mind into frenzy—to make men forget their business, women their children—to drive order into confusion, and make a bedlam of the locality wherein they prevail.

In some very excitable subjects, this will shake the nerves like a fit of delirium tremens; and nerves so shaken, never regain their tone. This is a sin for which nature in this life accepts of no atonement—no repentance can blot it from the book of her remembrance, though you should steep the page in your blood, or drench it with scalding tears. The holiest feelings of our nature can be, by man, carried into sin. The man who worships when he should be working, and thinks thereby to gain a mansion in heaven, labours

under a delusion; and he who heats his brain, till the living dome glows like a miniature volcano, sins whether the unnatural process be carried on in a church or a theatre.

Of all descriptions of mental intemperance, religious intemperance is, in its effects, the most destructive and deadly. Take a retrospective glance at the holy, merciful mother church of Rome; see how the old beldame crouches like an over laden ass under the damning weight of racks and chains, and stakes and torches; see how the old faggot-bearer grinds her toothless jaws even now, and tries to comfort herself for her lost power to kill by cursing. Look back again, and we see Episcopacy shooting Presbyterianism in cold blood on mountain and on moor; and (must a Scotch pen write it) our own blue banner of the covenant, floating on the breezes from the Clyde, with "No quarter" emblazoned on its silken folds; and across the Atlantic fled the English Puritan hunted like a beast from his native shore for conscience sake, and as soon as he had power in the land of his adoption, he quite conscientiously hung a female Quaker.

A predisposition to insanity is one of the penalties which civilization pays to slighted, or perhaps, in some instances, outraged nature. This predisposition smoulders almost every where among us, and requires but a blast of hot breath to blow it into a flame. It should be the constant care of the soul's physician to see that the mind's pulse temperately beats time, and that a calm, rational feeling pervades the whole soul. Without this, religion loses its nature, and should lose its name. What a fearful quack, then, is he who flings fire among his patients till he frightens them into fever, and rejoices to see the pestilence spread like a panic, and proudly estimates his success by the rapidity and extent of an outbreak, whose very nature consists in being independent of check or control.

The rapidity or the extent of its spread, or even the beneficial effects which are said occasionally to flow from it, prove not its origin to be derived from the Spirit of Good. It spreads like any other mania—like the mania for rape, rapine, and blood which seizes upon an army, when loosed from the iron bonds of discipline, in a town taken by storm; like the mania for burning witches or heretics; or like the crusading mania—a revival mightier far than our puny exhibition of green-sick girls—a revival in which murder shook himself like a roused lion, and with the name of Christ upon

his foaming lip, and his blood-shot eyes turned heaven-ward, strode to the field of slaughter under the shadow of the cross.

In proof of the inutility and unreasonable nature of the excitement, we cannot help remarking that it passes by the big, burly, broad-shouldered sinner, and fixes its claws of fire into the bosom of some weak, sensitive, well-meaning girl, rendering life and death alike horrible to one who would not willingly have injured a worm or a fly. Look at that young girl, hardly past childhood, writhing in convulsions upon the floor. With what spiritual pride that being in the outward form of a man gloats upon the fixed eyeball, the lip of foam, and the convulsed limb. How dreadfully unlike Christ that man looks—how fearfully unlike a child returning to the outstretched arms of an all-merciful Father that terror-stricken victim appears.

Revivalists, you are handling edge tools, and I fear that you do not exactly know the stuff that they are made of. Lay them past carefully and quietly, or they may yet cut your own or your neighbour's throat. This is no figure of speech—the words bear their plain, literal meaning. Many, very many, under the excitement which you would raise, have done so; and you and your victims have no specific against that unbearable misery which compelled them to wave, with bloody hand, a last adieu to life. If you would wish to find men and women such as you, by the revival process, might make them, search the lunatic asylums, among the most hopeless of the inmates there, you will find them. Trench the graveyards—pick out the corpses whose necks bear the crusted-crimson mark of the razor, or the black mark of the cord, and claim them for your own.

Doubtless the excitement will pass over many minds like a fit of drunkenness—most of them will get sober by the morning; but still, a craving for further excitement will remain—a void will be felt, which gross immorality may step in and fill. But into very sensitive minds—into minds broken down by disease or by sorrow, or constitutionally predisposed to insanity, it will gnaw and eat like a cancer, till at length the mind may sink into a tomb, from which in this life there is no resurrection.

We doubt not but a few infidels, were they placed in the centre of a group of revivalists, would sob as deep and cry as loud as the truest believers; because, for the mind to be painfully affected, it is not at all necessary that we should know the circumstances which

call up our sympathies to be true. How many sob and weep in unison with the hired personifier of a character which they distinctly know never to have had an existence save in the brain of the dramatist. But even sincere belief does not prove that the thing believed in accords with justice, mercy, or truth. The Thug, when he strangles the sleeping traveller—the Brahmin, when he fires the funeral pile on which a living woman lies—the Pope, when he curses heretical England and her heretic Queen, all believe that they are serving and honouring their God, and no doubt feel the satisfaction which accompanies the knowledge of a duty performed.

There is no doctrine more dangerous or more degrading that man can teach to man than that of direct spiritual influence. It opens up a field, boundless as the capabilities of the human soul, to the most gross, cruel, and daring of impostures; it extinguishes reason, deifies superstition, coffins the intellect, arrays freedom, justice, and mercy in one shroud, sanctifies the most atrocious crimes, and glorifies the most atrocious criminals.

I dread that had minds of no larger calibre existed in or since the year 1716—that glorious year in which common sense triumphed over legalised murder—we would still have been running pins into old women, and burning young maidens and children for holding personal confabulation with the devil. No doubt the names of good and reputed wise men could be quoted, who approve or have approved of these movements, but this proves nothing. That good man, Baxter, or Rutherford, sat on the bench along with the condemner of witches—the humane Erskine, the father of the Scottish secession church, lamented over the repeal of the act which authorized these brutal murders, as a national sin—the learned and just Sir Matthew Hale sentenced women to death for bewitching children, on evidence which bore the most transparent marks of imposture—and the famed Sir Thomas Browne threw the overwhelming weight of his opinion into the scale against those whose guilt we now know to have been an impossibility.

In countries Catholic and Protestant, history tells us of upwards of 150,000 persons cruelly sacrificed to this form alone of belief in the supernatural; and a description of the manner of their death makes the blood run chill. Were we to examine all the forms in which this belief has manifested itself, and their effects, we would find that it has far surpassed all other evils combined, in demon-

izing human nature, and that it has, as it were, bridged the gulf which separates earth from hell.

What I desire to advocate is temperance—rationality in religion, when it overflows these bounds, it is unfitted for, it is destructive of, the nature of man; and instead of a staff to support the weak, it becomes a "spear, on whose sharp point peace bleeds and hope expires." The spirit of intolerance, of persecution ever has, evermore will be, the attendant upon fanaticism. How forcibly does that good and able man, George Gilfillan, eating in his own words, remind us of poor old Galileo on his knees before that cursed assemblage of hooded carrion crows, recanting, renouncing, to save his shrivelled body from the fire, what he knew to be the words of eternal truth. It is not every head that fits the martyr's crown.

There are shoals of fanatical, vain-glorious creatures, fitted neither by nature nor education for the business which they desecrate, who infest the city and suburbs, fancying themselves sons of thunder, while the braying of a jackass or the howling of a dog is music in comparison with their abominable, unnatural drawl, which they all seem to consider an indispensable accompaniment to everything holy. Were the devil to beat up for recruits, to be employed in bringing religion into contempt, here they are self-drilled for the purpose, beyond the possibility of improvement. Many of them cannot talk common sense, and are ignorant of the meaning of words, and yet they unblushingly set themselves up as instructors of the people. However, their sincerity in general is unquestionable, for they often do get actually insane. I have heard three of them at one time preaching in the airing court of a lunatic asylum, and they, as far as sound and perhaps sense went, were quite equal to many of their brethren whom the Sheriff still allows to go about, disturbing quiet neighbourhoods, disgusting sensible people, and making the intelligently pious grieve.

Last Sabbath evening I saw a poor fellow labouring hard, with blood-shot eyes, and every nerve strained to a wire-like tension, at this mistaken work; and as I looked on him, and saw "coming madness casting its fiery shadow before," pity swallowed up disgust. I fain would have warned him, but I knew that I might as well preach about resurrection, about eternal life, to the corpse of the man who died yesterday.

CHAPTER VI.

KNOWLEDGE NECESSARY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF BODILY AND MENTAL HEALTH.

WITHOUT bodily health, the mind can neither be brought up to, nor maintained at, the highest possible state of efficiency. In every description of sickness and pain which afflict the body, the mind is a participator and although disease in most cases may render the sufferer neither a maniac nor a fool, yet in no case does it fail to exert a baleful influence upon the spirit. The slightest touch of fever sets the mind astraying like a wandered child; and a twang of toothache, or even an unexpected prick with a pin, will make the most solemn, slow, and mathematical mind that ever was reined up by that rough rider will, to plunge and kick like a young Arab.

A knowledge of the internal structure of the body—of what constitutes the use and the abuse of the different organs thereof; an intimacy with the different powers which constitute mind—which of them should be cultivated, and which repressed, and the most likely way to make the whole act and react upon each other in unison, so as to produce that glorious harmony, a sound mind in a healthy frame, is certainly a description of knowledge, of importance most vital and intense; and yet in our schools these subjects seem quite ignored. I lately attended the examination of a school in the neighbourhood, where the children showed, in many cases, a wonderful proficiency in the sort of work that they had been trained to; and yet I suspect that very few of them could have told, that screaming at the top of their voice, without taking time to inhale, would permanently hurt the organs of articulation, or that the fierce excitement consequent upon striving with an unnatural energy to outstrip each other, would blunt the moral feelings and injure the brain; and, most deplorable of all, the teachers and the examiners seemed to know as little about it as the children.

When a very young man I fell, and lighted upon my right hand thumb. A very little knowledge of anatomy would have told me that it was disjointed, yet, although I could say every question in the Shorter Catechism, and was otherwise well educated for my position in life, still I knew nothing of the mechanism of my

fingers. The consequence was, that thumb has been an occasional annoyance to me ever since, and may be for a few years longer. I could also tell of a case, where a little knowledge, accompanied by a slight pressure of the hand, would have saved from a lifetime of daily recurring pain, and possibly from a death of intense suffering. A little knowledge is said to be a dangerous thing. If little be dangerous, it must be so on account of its littleness, and then, of course, less must be more dangerous still; and least, or, in other words, no knowledge at all, must be dangerous in the superlative degree. Some people, especially professional gentlemen, are fond of quoting this saying, and then, to arrive at a suitable conclusion for themselves, they reason backwards, much in the same way as the witches are said to have read the Bible in days that are past.

A little knowledge is like seed sown—it will grow and increase almost in spite of its possessor. It is a wholesome plant; and no one need be afraid of much or little of it, except those who live upon the ignorance and consequent credulity of their fellows.

There is no knowledge more unpalatable or more precious than a knowledge of the defects and superfluities inherent in our own individual minds. Some virtuous feeling may be strong—push itself forward, and be ignorantly nursed till it pushes us into crime, —some blessing petted till it becomes a curse. Diseased benevolence can overpower honesty, and make a man a thief. Caution can be debased into cowardice and a desire to please—end in making its ignorant possessor a liar and a hypocrite. Balance is the great want of the human mind—power is but a secondary consideration —and to maintain that balance, a knowledge of the nature of mind and body is indispensable.

The brain is universally allowed to be the seat of intellect; however, it is evident that other organs besides the brain are powerfully and painfully acted upon by the mysterious agency named soul, spirit, intellect, or mind. In wild anxiety or deep grief, the pain lies immediately below the diaphragm; and the mad agony of that despair which impels the maniac to plunge into the black billows of an unknown, shoreless sea, does not feel as if proceeding from the brain.

Diseases of the stomach are fertile sources of insanity. Few diseases pounce upon us all at once; the most deadly, like the rattlesnake, generally sounds a warning note, which emphatically tells us to beware or prepare. By attending to this warning, and

desisting from the exciting cause, and using proper means to remedy the evil already done, much suffering may be avoided. No immediate law of nature dooms any man to imbecility or death, till trunk and branch, till body and spirit of him be shrunk and shrivelled up like a time-blasted tree.

Every one acquainted with lunacy knows that a dose of aperient medicine, by relieving the stomach and bowels, has often reduced strong mental excitement, and, in many cases, rendered the patient for the time comparatively well. The stomach, so far as we are practically concerned, is the most important organ in the human frame. My principal reason for saying so is, that it lies within our reach. The brain is locked up in its chest of ivory—the heart is sealed up in its bag—the lungs are shielded by their breast-plate of bone, and the only passage to the liver lies through blood; but the highway to the stomach lies undefended and open, and we can introduce life or death into it at our pleasure. There may be little wisdom in concerning ourselves much about matters, however important, which lie beyond our control; but there is an approach to idiocy in abusing or neglecting a thing of such vital import to our mental and bodily health as the stomach, and a thing which is, as it were, placed by nature in our own hands. If we take a serious thought upon the power which the stomach possesses over the whole man, we will find the proper usage of it to be to every one a subject of most startling importance. It is oftener found in a state of disease than any other portion of our organization. May not this arise from its being left so exposed to the tender mercies of man. Many a man who would shrink from abusing his horse or his dog, thinks nothing of giving most cruel usage to his stomach.

The stomach holds direct and instantaneous communication with these organs of intense vitality, the heart and brain. Introduce belladonna, or any other narcotic of a strongly stimulating description, into the stomach, and instantly the heart bounds, the blood rushes, the pulses throb, the brain reels, and the man staggers; and if a narcotic of an opposite nature be introduced, the circulation sinks at once, and the nervous system lies utterly prostrate. The stomach may be compared to a second brain. By the habitual misuse of it, mania, madness, weariness of life, and all the train of horrors which attend upon a deranged nervous system, are produced. Disease of the heart or lungs do only quietly kill—and

death is an ordinance of nature, not a punishment; but an ill-used stomach can turn upon its abuser and inflict mental tortures, in comparison to which the ordinary afflictions which befall mankind are a relief. In cases of delusion, where the persons think themselves possessed by some beast or perhaps some spirit, I have only known one who did not point to the stomach as the residence of the imaginary guest. I am convinced that the stomach exercises a more potential influence, in many cases of mental derangement, than has ever yet been "dreamed of in our philosophy."

A mind quiet but active—a sufficient length of sound sleep—a moderate quantity and variety, but, at the same time, a sufficiency of plain, wholesome food—water free from natural or artificial impurities—heat enough to keep the pores of the skin open, and the circulation vigorous enough to impel the blood freely to the extremities, are indispensably requisite to the enjoyment of health of body and vigour of mind. To keep up the proper temperature, temperance, suitable clothing, and a clean skin are all three required.

Pure air is another great requisite, and, unfortunately, one less under our own control than any of the others. If water be bad we may possibly be able to refrain from using it till we obtain better; but as we live at the bottom of this ocean of ether, like fish at the bottom of the sea, the air which surrounds us we must breathe. Necessity drives masses of men together, and to necessity's decree all must contentedly or discontentedly submit. Still, there are comparatively few who may not, to a certain extent, neutralize this, by carefully embracing every opportunity of inhaling a purer atmosphere, and by so doing, and scrupulously avoiding the lighting of the candle of life at both ends, an average amount of bodily and mental health may be obtained even under very unpromising circumstances.

A sound mind and a healthy body are the only inestimable treasures which man can enjoy upon earth. The possessor of these, although his share of this world's goods amounted only to the bare necessaries of life, can find and feel enjoyment—can drink deep of the bright cup of happiness. While, were he rolling in wealth with a body racked with pain, or with a mind over which despair had waved his black banner, his couch of down would be a bed of thorns, and his gorgeous dwelling wear a dungeon's gloom. Outward circumstances, at least all these artificial appliances which nature does not require, has very little to do with human happiness. One man may be wonderfully happy without being quite certain where

to-morrow's dinner may come from, while another, with an overflowing purse and bursting barns, may be intensely miserable. The same spot of ground, the same sun and the same sky, may furnish forth an Eden, a paradise to one, while another's distorted mental vision can recognize nothing save a Golgotha—a place of skulls. "Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus." Therefore, any inquiry that may tend to keep the healthy, the bright side of our minds uppermost, must be a matter of deep import to all; and towards this most desirable consummation each man can for himself, and perhaps for more than himself, do very much.

A general knowledge of the structure of our own frame, and more especially of any peculiarity which attends upon our own individual constitution, is imperative upon all who feel it to be their duty and their interest to keep their minds and their bodies in a state of efficiency, so far as the power of doing so lies within the scope of their own exertions.

Mind and body appear so entwined, so incorporated, that by no conceivable mental process can the warp be disentangled from the woof. They act and re-act upon each other as closely as if the union could only be dissolved by the destruction of both; indeed, the connection between them is so striking as to prove to all who think upon the subject, that he who abuses his body must sin against his soul. I have seen numbers of young men, slavering idiots, with their chins resting upon their wet breasts—their minds for ever destroyed—their dooms sealed; young men, for the continuance of whose existence it would be sin to pray, brought to this most deplorable condition by the ignorant abuse of their own bodies. Knowledge is not only power, but safety—not only a sword, but a shield.

The brain is believed to be the residence of mind—the dwelling-place of the soul—the senate-house wherein the assembled faculties sit deliberating over the affairs of that little democratical republic, man. We find that the condition of this council chamber has an overpowering influence upon all their deliberations; and that according to the structure or functional condition of the brain, their proceedings are marked by profound wisdom or outrageous folly. Man cannot touch the brain with his hand; but he can direct a current of thought upon it, according to the nature of which the brain may become a scene of order or derangement—a place of purity or a brothel. With regard to the treatment of the brain, we should bear in mind that our power to destroy is, no man can

tell how much greater than our power to save, and that we may do more mischief in an hour than we could remedy through eternity.

Phrenologists map out the skull into small portions, and assign a particular faculty or feeling to each. That widely extended observation has abundantly proven the general principles of phrenology to be true there is no doubt; still, in individual cases, it may mislead and deceive. Size of brain is much insisted upon, and, other things being equal, justly so. "Where there is volume, there must be power," is said. Now, there may be volume and there may be latent power, and yet there may be a want of sufficient inward energy to rouse that power into efficient action; and in such cases a small active brain will successfully compete with one of a sluggish nature, though possessed of a much greater volume. There is such a diversity also in the thickness of human skulls, that the appearance of volume may exist where in reality it is not; and there are places marked on the phrenological charts as the seats of intellectual feelings where there is actually no brain—nothing but sinew and bone. However, the science of phrenology is a fact established beyond the reach of overturning; and any one who chooses to look about him, and study the craniums and characters of the people by whom he is surrounded, will soon be convinced of its truth. It was known above one hundred years ago to a gamekeeper at Garnkirk. Out of a litter of blind pointer pups this man, by examining their heads, could select those who could be easily trained for the field from among those who could not; and sometimes he would pick out what he called an "idiwit," and that one, to a certainty, turned out incapable of being trained at all. Whether he ever thought of applying this test to the human subject or not, I cannot tell; but his successor did, before the word phrenology had ever reached his ears.

The brain is a large mass of nervous matter, enclosed within the bones of the head, and is divided into two sections. The front, the sides, and the upper portion of the head containing the cerebrum, or proper brain; the cerebellum, or little brain, being placed below and behind it. Upon the cerebellum muscular motion seems to depend. How death-like still a man lies who has received a heavy fall or blow upon the back part of the head. The moral and intellectual faculties reside in the cerebrum, or proper brain. The cerebellum terminates in the medulla oblongata, a round, pulpy cord, which forms the junction between the brain and the spinal marrow. The medulla oblongata, the spinal marrow, and the nerves

are all formed from the same substance as brain. The nerves are small, white filaments, which proceed from brain and spinal cord—myriads of them so small as to be invisible except when placed upon the stage of the microscope. The brain, though the centre of all sensation, has no feeling within itself. Portions of it protruding through fractures have been cut away without producing pain. The whole length of the spinal cord or marrow contains the very essence of life. To injure it is paralysis—to divide it is death.

I could almost fancy that Shakspeare must have been subject to madness, such a knowledge does he display of, so deeply does he dive into, the darkest recesses of the mind. How true, how exactly in accordance with actual experience, is Macbeth's language and conduct at his wife's death, bound as he had been to her by strong affection, and also by that most dreadful of all ties, a community of guilt; yet he had "supped so full with horrors" that her death, which at one time would have affected him most deeply, could now raise no ruffle upon the dark surface of his mind.

During my first confinement in the asylum, a young man from Paisley was put to bed in the same room with me while I was asleep. Fancy to yourself a skeleton considerably above six feet high, covered with skin, a pair of glittering eyes in its head, and an open wound in its throat stretching nearly from ear to ear, and the fingers of its left hand smeared with blood, from a constant habit of picking at the wound. In the gray of the morning I awoke, and this shadow, who had risen from his bed, where he had been placed by as kind an attendant as ever watched over a patient, was bending over me. I believed at the time in witchcraft and in ghosts of every description, and, of course, I thought this was a visitant from the land of spirits, and I recognized it at once as the ghost of a suicide; but it affected me no more than if it had been the most ordinary occurrence in nature. I sat up on my elbow, speculating on its probable height, which I greatly overrated, then laid myself down and fell asleep.

Pliant that poor man was as the limberest reed that ever swayed in the winds of winter. An infant could have led him to his bed, and he would lie with those strange eyes fixed upon me as long as I stood beside him, but as soon as I left him he would be standing by my bedside again. He continued this as long as he was able to stand. I have sometime laid him in my own bed and lain down in his: it was of no use; when I awoke there he was, standing over me all motionless save those red fingers.

CHAPTER VII.

LUNATIC ASYLUMS AND ATTENDANTS.

ONE great drawback to the comfort and convalescence of patients belonging to the lower class in lunatic asylums, is the empty, desolate-like appearance of the long galleries in which they are confined during the day, and in the unhome-like look of the large apartments in which they sleep during the night. In large public institutions this perhaps cannot be altogether remedied, nor is it necessary that it should be altogether so, for in every place of this kind there will be a number of hopeless cases, in whom the aspect of the place will awake neither remembrance nor regret. But for all cases in which there is a prospect of cure, there should be small, snug, home-looking places, provided and furnished with a few articles of plain furniture, similar to that which they had been accustomed to at home. This would also render that all-important point, the classification of the patients, easy. Without classification, there always will be a large and increasing amount of confirmed, incurable lunacy; and I am something more than sorry to say that, owing to the present construction of public asylums, I mean that part of them used by the lower paid for class of patients, proper classification is an impossibility. One improper patient may destroy a number of the members of, and must distress every individual in, some gallerys. The uttermost care should always be taken, especially during the apparent convalescence of a patient, to preserve his rest unbroken. Comparatively few know the awful importance of a sound sleep to a person whose mind is, as it were, balancing itself upon the narrow line which separates sound judgment from insanity. By preventing sleep, one noisy patient may seal the fate of many.

Bodily pain will cause a man to wish, to pray for death; but very seldom indeed will it impel him to sever the thread of life with his own hand. With mental agony it is far otherwise: when it reaches a certain point, escape, if an opportunity offers, would be eagerly sought, even though the road lay through the blazing interior of a blast furnace. For cases of this description, lunatic asylums are a necessity; and were they more freely used, many a

valuable life might be saved; for even this fearful state will, in most cases, be succeeded by perfect sanity if the person be watched and the means of self-destruction be rendered unattainable, which can only be done with certainty in a place constructed for that particular purpose.

Want of cleanliness in a lunatic asylum would be productive of consequences too horrible for description. Neglect in this important point would soon convert an asylum into a pest-house, in whose pestilential atmosphere nothing save vermin could thrive. To render the requisite degree of cleanliness attainable, a plentiful and almost unlimited supply of water is an absolute necessity. Pure air and pure water, and an abundance of both, are the only true antidotes against the generating of fever and vermin anywhere, but more especially in asylums and hospitals, where numbers of diseased people are congregated under the same roof.

In asylums, where there are so many locked doors, the occurrence of fire would very likely be attended with consequences not at all pleasant to think upon. In Gartnavel Asylum, that model—that perfection of cleanliness, they have guarded themselves against this, by surrounding the entire building with water pipes, and placing fire plugs at distances which will enable the branchmen to bring the hose to bear upon whatever portion of the building may be burning; and the pressure from the reservoir is sufficient, without the aid of a fire engine, to throw water over the highest tower on the asylum. However, in all cases, and especially in this, where we find the cure occasionally more destructive than the disease, prevention is better than cure; and, to prevent accidents, lucifer matches—these most dangerous articles—(by means of which I once saw a horse nearly set fire to his stable) should be strictly denied to all patients, as they would be used even in the night time for lighting pipes; and as this practice is liable to accident in the hands of any one, it must be very much more so in the hands of the insane. Attendants should be careful that the gratings enclosing the fireplaces are secured in a manner which will effectually prevent the patients from having any direct communication with the fire.

In nothing does the improving and merciful spirit of the age more strongly and beneficially manifest itself than in the interior fittings of lunatic asylums, and in the entire treatment of the insane. In their sanitary arrangements public asylums are generally

as perfect as modern science can make them. Ventilation, drainage, machinery for clothes washing, water tanks, closets, baths, and all the various appliances of the plumber's art, are to be found in as great perfection here as in the mansion of a nobleman.

What an almost blinding glare of light this is in comparison with the darkness of the days that are past, when the maniac's doom was suffocation in a dark, damp, filthy cell, fit only for a habitation for rats, and which might have been seen a few years ago within the square of the old Town-house of Glasgow.

These half hotel, half asylum houses, termed Hydropathic Establishments, are very unsafe for a great number of the nervous people who frequent them, on account of the opportunities they afford for self-destruction. Three years ago I went, in charge of a gentleman in the first stage of insanity, to one of these establishments in Yorkshire, and was rather alarmed to find that a gentleman inmate from Glasgow had hung himself—that an English lady had thrown herself from an upper window, and perished upon the paved court below—and that a lady from Edinburgh had been found dead in the woods, under strong suspicion that she had been murdered by an insane gentleman residing in the same house. The proprietor of this place assured me that the cold water would soon set my man all right. This was a mistake; he got worse under the treatment, and is now, I greatly fear, an exception to the rule which says while there is life there is hope.

There is no institution more capable of abuse than a private lunatic asylum; and there are few positions that hold out greater facilities or greater temptations for the practice of foul play than that held by the proprietor of one of these establishments. Unless the usage of a patient be so grossly careless or bad as distinctly to tell upon his or her personal appearance, it is not any easy matter to tell whether they are cruelly or mercifully dealt with. Their own complaints, unless corroborated by other circumstances, cannot be depended upon; although the connectedness of their story, and the earnestness with which they tell it, are quite capable of imposing upon any one not aware that, in many cases, a maniac can reason well from false premises, and that his earnest manner may proceed from the intensity of his belief in a foundationless lie. Often when conversing with stranger lunatics, the most experienced man must feel comparatively mystified, as it is impossible for him to tell whether he is listening to truth or falsehood.

Examining individual cases, and pronouncing the system to be good or bad, according to the very narrow experience to be thus gained, is a very fallacious, uncertain, and unnecessary test, while the whole field of human nature lies open, on whose broad surface the question in all its bearings is inscribed, in characters which "he who runs may read." Judging from individual cases is only judging individuals, and leaving the principal untouched. The question is not how do a certain number of men conduct, or seem to conduct, private asylums, but how would the mass of mankind conduct themselves if placed in that position, recollecting at the same time that it is a position not at all calculated to refine the feelings or soften the heart. Judging from what any man with his eyes open cannot help seeing—from what any one who thinks cannot help knowing, it is a stretch of charity to suppose that a fourth part of them will act in strict accordance with the dictates of justice and mercy. Not that all, or even a majority of the three-fourths, will be designedly cruel or unjust; but self, powerful self, powerful in almost everything but in resisting temptation, will blind almost any man so that he cannot, however willing he may suppose himself to be, act up to that precept—"Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

The most charitable must allow that though a few will, yet by far the greater number will not, devote themselves very energetically to the task of curing, or even be very willing to pronounce a person cured from whom a handsome income is possibly, with very little trouble, derived; especially when, with some show of truth, the proprietor of the establishment may say—"He is very kindly treated, and is better here than any where else. Though he appears pretty well now, were he to leave this who knows but he might relapse. No doubt he would like to return to the world, but many there would distrust and despise him—no one does so here; and, upon the whole, I think it my duty to keep him a little while longer. Besides, this place is very expensive to keep up, and I do not exactly see how I could do without him." The person who soothes his conscience thus, may be, comparatively, rather a good sort of man, and yet in this be guilty of a fearful amount of cruelty and injustice toward a fellow creature, whose soul he is slowly but surely breaking upon the agonizing wheel of "hope deferred." And with the lower class of patients, there is a temptation to overwork, where the labour can be made profitable, and passed under

the name of exercise—to wrong them in the quantity and quality of their food, and to employ cheap, lazy attendants, to whom no wise man would trust the keeping of his swine. Were private asylums a necessity, all this risk would have to be run, but they are not, because public asylums can entirely supersede them; and in public asylums, where the superintendent is no way enriched by confining people who should be at large, but whose credit is raised in proportion to the number of cured patients discharged, and whose professional pride must impel him to labour hard to cure, the case is reversed. And though it may and will result sometimes in the discharge of uncured patients, yet it is erring on the safe side, for they can be returned if need be to the asylum, whereas the "iron has entered too deep into the soul" of him who has fretted and pined under too long confinement ever to be so entirely withdrawn as to allow him to enter into the duties and the enjoyments of the world with zest again. Besides, it is in the busy haunts of men, not in the comparative solitude of the asylum, that the cure must be perfected.

In lunacy there is a fever to feed—a gnawing feeling about the stomach, which requires more than an ordinary quantity of food. In public asylums this is provided for; but from what is known of poor-house antecedents, I think that the provision for insane inmates in such places is likely to be inferior in quality and deficient in quantity. "It is our interest to let them die—yours to keep them living," said a poor-house attendant upon the insane to an attendant upon the same class in a public asylum. The remark was literally true, and proves more powerfully than all the reports of all the committees of inquiry that ever existed that poor-houses should not be intrusted with the keeping of lunatics. Besides, they have the power, and they use it, of sending their most troublesome and expensive cases to public asylums, thereby burdening these far from profitable establishments with the most oppressive part of a burden which, if divided at all, should be divided fairly.

I am afraid that the bread in these places is often not very nutritious or palatable. I tried an experiment with a piece that was at one time handed to me for the purpose. I offered a small bit of it to a little dog, who was accustomed to nothing more luxurious or plentiful than a bare enough allowance of sour milk and porridge; but the little rascal very significantly turned up his nose at

it, and looking up in my face seemed to say—"Master, you know that I am not very nice about my victuals, but really I cannot eat bread baked by the city parish of Glasgow."

A properly qualified attendant upon the insane requires qualifications which seldom meet in the same person; and it certainly would be a pity if men or women so gifted were to be had for little more than the remuneration given to servant girls and farm servants. So long as these men are paid less than day labourers, and perhaps often required to work as such, nothing but necessity can cause people anything like fitted for the trying task to accept of it, and nothing short of necessity compel them to keep it. As soon as an opening appears, although by experience they have arrived at a high state of efficiency, they dash into it, and leave their unfortunate charge to some green hand, who knows nothing about their individual cases, and as little about the general nature of their disease or the routine of the establishment. An attendant must be bad if the changing of him has not an injurious effect upon those under his care.

In public establishments, where a number of attendants are required, desirable persons cannot in every case be found; but in private cases, where the will and the ability to pay exists, a proper person could in every case be selected. The capability of a superintendent is eminently conspicuous in the selection of his attendants, and the classification of his patients; indeed, if he be deficient in the talent which enables him to do this, he is as unfit for the proper performance of the most important duty pertaining to his office as the patients under his charge.

The insane are very much at the mercy of the attendant immediately over them. However kind and attentive the superintendent may be, he cannot be every where. A good attendant is a most valuable person, and is capable of doing, in many cases, a vast amount of good to those under his care. If any keeper, however deserving of rebuke he may be, is often checked in presence of the patients, that man's power, and, consequently, his usefulness, are both in a great measure gone. Delegated power should ever be treated with a show of respect before the public by those who are under the necessity of using it. A good attendant, male or female, should be treated with respect, and meet with reward and encouragement. There are few positions in life which necessitate more tear and wear of mind and body than that of an attendant upon the insane

who conscientiously performs his duty. There is a loud call for classification here. A man may do exceedingly well for keeping a number of viciously inclined incurables in order, and yet be a dreadfully improper person for attending upon one whom gentle, soothing measures might speedily restore to mental health, but whom an opposite course might drive into long-continued madness, or depress into hopeless idiocy.

The four following pages, relating to Gartnavel Royal Lunatic Asylum, and extracted from the Report for 1859, will be read with deep interest by all who feel interested in statistics connected with insanity.

TABLE.—*Showing the (apparent or supposed) Causes of Insanity in those Admitted during the Year* 1859.

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Anxiety,	0	1	1
Bodily Diseases, not specified,	1	3	4
Congenital,	2	0	2
Critical Period,	0	1	1
Destitution,	1	4	5
Disease of Brain,	4	1	5
Dissipation,	1	1	2
Domestic Quarrel,	1	0	1
" Affliction,	0	3	3
Epilepsy,	3	0	3
Fever,	0	1	1
Fright,	1	4	5
Grief,	0	4	4
Hereditary,	17	10	27
Intemperance,	15	12	27
Jealousy,	0	1	1
Lactation,	0	2	2
Loss of Employment,	1	0	1
Masturbation,	7	0	7
Misfortune,	0	1	1
Over Study,	2	0	2
Paralysis,	1	0	1
Politics,	1	0	1
Previous Insanity,	11	9	20
Puerperal State,	0	6	6
Physical Fatigue,	1	0	1
Quarrel,	1	0	1
Religious Excitement,	6	4	10
Reverses in Business,	3	0	3
Speculation,	1	0	1
Sun-Stroke,	1	0	1
Unascertained,	32	18	50
Visceral Disease,	0	2	2
Want of Employment,	1	1	2
Total,	115	89	204

TABLE.—*Showing the Occupations of those Admitted during the Year* 1859.

MALES.

Actor,	1	*Brought forward,*	66
Baker,	1	Merchants,	3
Blacksmith,	1	Miller,	1
Brassfounder,	1	Miner,	1
Cartwright,	1	Moulder,	1
Civil Engineer,	1	No Occupation,	4
Clergymen,	2	Officer,	1
Clerks,	15	Paper-Stainer,	1
Clothier,	1	Pawnbrokers,	2
Colliers,	2	Plasterer,	1
Commission-Agent,	1	Porter,	1
Cooper,	1	Postboy,	1
Druggist,	1	Quarryman,	1
Engineer,	1	Sailors,	4
Engraver,	1	Sheep-Farmers,	2
Farmers,	2	Ship-Carpenter,	1
Farm-Servant,	1	Shoemakers,	5
Fishermen,	2	Shopkeeper,	1
Flax-Spinner,	1	Soldiers,	3
Gardener,	1	Spirit-Dealers,	2
Gentlemen,	4	Surgeon,	1
Hatter,	1	Tailors,	2
Hawkers,	3	Teacher,	1
Ironmonger,	1	Tobacco-Spinner,	1
Insurance-Broker,	1	Upholsterer,	1
Joiners,	3	Warper,	1
Labourers,	12	Weavers,	5
Masons,	3	Writer,	1
Carry forward,	66	TOTAL,	115

FEMALES.

Domestic Servants,	15	*Brought forward*	51
Dressmakers,	3	No Occupation,	2
Farm-Servants,	2	Sewers,	5
Hawker,	1	Shawl-Fringer,	1
Housekeepers,	2	Shopkeepers,	2
Ladies,	26	Tradesmen's Wives, Daughters, &c.	26
Milliner,	1	Weaver,	1
Millworker,	1		
Carry forward,	51	TOTAL,	89

TABLE *showing the* NUMBER *of* PATIENTS *annually* ADMITTED NUMBER *who have been* DISMISSED, CURED, RELIEVED, *from its Opening, on* 12*th December* 1814 *till* 31*st December* 1859,

YEAR.	ADMITTED DURING EACH YEAR.			REMAINED AT THE END OF EACH PRECEDING YEAR.			TOTAL UNDER TREATMENT DURING EACH YEAR.		
	Males.	*Females.*	*Total.*	*Males.*	*Females.*	*Total.*	*Males.*	*Females*	*Total.*
1814.....	25	19	44	....	....	....	....	....	.....
1815.....	40	37	77	21	19	40	61	56	117
1816.....	56	34	90	39	34	73	95	68	163
1817.....	45	42	87	56	39	95	101	81	182
1818.....	50	41	91	56	47	103	106	88	194
1819.....	45	36	81	62	40	102	107	76	183
1820.....	54	33	87	64	42	106	118	75	193
1821.....	56	38	94	69	43	112	125	81	206
1822.....	51	30	81	74	47	121	125	77	202
1823.....	41	43	84	63	43	106	104	86	190
1824.....	40	38	78	55	59	114	95	97	192
1825.....	47	32	79	59	61	120	106	93	199
1826.....	38	37	75	59	55	114	97	92	189
1827.....	50	24	74	55	50	105	105	74	179
1828.....	45	49	94	62	44	106	107	93	200
1829.....	47	42	89	64	59	123	111	101	212
1830.....	40	49	89	59	55	114	99	104	203
1831.....	56	40	96	62	61	123	118	101	219
1832.....	48	51	99	75	62	137	123	113	236
1833.....	52	37	89	78	61	139	130	98	228
1834.....	50	35	85	71	68	139	121	103	224
1835.....	55	41	96	78	62	140	133	103	236
1836.....	65	57	122	73	64	137	138	121	259
1837.....	61	53	114	79	70	149	140	123	263
1838.....	58	59	117	74	72	146	132	131	263
1839.....	80	51	131	80	77	157	160	128	288
1840.....	78	71	149	82	73	155	160	144	304
1841.....	83	74	157	92	91	183	175	165	340
1842.....	114	85	199	84	86	170	198	171	369
1843.....	184	143	327	102	100	202	286	243	529
1844.....	157	133	290	196	148	344	353	281	634
1845.....	200	164	364	225	180	405	425	344	769
1846.....	222	192	414	258	206	464	480	398	878
1847.....	203	162	365	289	250	539	492	412	904
1848.....	205	161	366	298	254	552	503	415	918
1849.....	211	167	378	284	234	518	495	401	896
1850.....	194	199	393	265	222	487	459	421	880
1851.....	140	119	259	227	198	425	367	317	684
1852.....	141	125	266	226	202	428	367	327	694
1853.....	166	153	319	214	206	420	380	359	739
1854.....	123	117	240	248	224	472	371	341	712
1855.....	127	84	201	223	201	424	340	285	625
1856.....	115	99	217	218	194	412	336	293	629
1857.....	117	139	287	229	191	420	377	330	707
1858.....	118	140	267	242	229	471	369	369	738
1859.....	148	89	204	249	255	504	364	344	708
Total...	4,341	3,664	8,005						

into the GLASGOW ROYAL ASYLUM, *including Re-Admissions, the* UNFIT, *and the* NUMBER *who have* DIED *during each Year, from with the per Cent. of* CURES *and* DEATHS *upon the* TOTAL.

DISCHARGED.									DIED.		
CURED.			RELIEVED.			UNFIT.					
Males.	*Females.*	*Total.*	*Males*	*Females.*	*Total.*	*Males*	*Females.*	*Total.*	*Males.*	*Females.*	*Total.*
....	....	....	3	....	3	....	....	....	1	....	1
16	16	32	2	6	8	....	....	2	1	....	1
24	16	40	11	12	23	2	....	1	3	2	5
26	17	43	17	15	32	1	....	....	2	1	3
15	21	36	22	22	44	....	1	3	5	3	8
21	18	39	13	12	25	2	....	3	6	4	10
31	13	44	12	16	28	3	....	1	5	3	8
21	14	35	20	18	38	1	....	4	9	2	11
26	7	33	25	25	50	4	....	....	11	2	13
10	15	25	24	9	33	....	1	5	11	2	13
17	21	38	9	10	19	4	....	1	9	5	14
18	12	30	22	24	46	1	1	1	7	1	8
12	13	25	22	24	46	....	....	4	4	5	9
22	20	42	15	6	21	4	1	2	5	3	8
18	19	37	16	10	26	1	....	3	5	5	10
22	23	45	20	20	40	3	1	1	10	2	12
17	28	45	15	12	27	....	....	....	5	3	8
18	24	42	16	10	26	....	....	2	7	5	12
28	19	47	9	22	31	2	4	5	7	7	14
21	17	38	24	10	34	1	2	3	13	1	14
15	16	31	17	19	36	1	....	4	7	6	13
31	24	55	18	9	27	4	1	2	10	5	15
32	29	61	14	16	30	1	3	7	9	3	12
35	20	55	15	22	37	4	4	10	10	5	15
27	23	50	16	16	32	6	8	9	8	7	15
33	30	63	31	15	46	1	3	9	8	7	15
47	34	81	12	10	22	6	3	6	6	6	12
58	52	110	23	18	41	3	....	1	9	9	18
61	38	99	20	24	44	1	....	....	15	9	24
52	69	121	17	17	34	....	....	....	21	9	30
83	65	148	24	25	49	....	....	....	21	11	32
90	87	177	38	29	67	....	....	....	39	22	61
103	84	187	46	43	89	....	....	....	42	21	63
103	100	203	38	26	64	....	....	....	53	32	85
122	104	226	51	39	90	....	....	....	46	38	84
111	94	205	67	33	100	....	....	....	52	52	104
84	87	171	132	111	243	....	....	....	16	25	41
55	63	118	56	40	96	....	....	....	30	12	42
73	55	128	49	47	96	....	....	....	31	19	50
42	74	116	55	36	91	....	....	....	35	24	59
60	56	116	56	54	110	....	....	....	32	30	62
34	35	69	70	36	106	1	....	1	17	20	37
41	50	91	48	36	84	....	....	....	18	16	34
52	59	111	62	29	91	....	....	....	21	14	35
51	56	107	42	26	68	1	....	1	21	23	44
41	41	82	35	40	73	....	....	....	21	28	49
1,919	1,778	3,697							724	509	1,233

TOTAL NO. OF CURES,....3,697
PER CENT. OF CURES,....49.26

TOTAL NO. OF DEATHS,....1,233
PER CENT. OF DEATHS,....16.42

What cause can be assigned for the striking preponderance in table second, of female domestic servants over female mill workers, and also over that most numerous class of girls employed as weavers in power loom factories? The table, in showing fifteen servants for one of each of the other two classes, gives a very inadequate idea of the actual per centage of difference between them, for a single one of these large factories pours out a stream of female workers, nearly sufficient to supply a whole city with domestic servants. We search in vain for a physical cause. Servant girls are better lodged, better fed, work in a much more pure and wholesome atmosphere, and by being, as it were, household slaves, are compelled to be more regular in their habits than their comparatively free sisters of the cotton mill and power loom factory. The cause must be moral, and by altering "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," into woman's inhumanity to woman makes many girls go mad, I suspect we will be coming pretty near to the truth of the matter. There are many selfish hypochondriacal, silly-minded ladies, with tempers sufficiently bad to render a household miserable, and to drive those unfortunate girls mad, who are night and day condemned to writhe under the blasting influence of their scorpion tongues.

These ladies are often wonderfully zealous in the performance of the mechanical duties of religion—greatly distressed about other people's wickedness—deeply moved about the salvation of those whom they never saw, and not at all backward in giving, when the names of the donors are to be published. Great patronesses are they of quack ministers and quack doctors; and yet for all the strong doses of mental and physical medicine which they swallow, strange to say, they still remain wicked and unwell.

I believe it is those very amiable ladies, who send such an overproportion of servant girls to lunatic asylums; and pity it is that circumstances should ever place such into positions which the very devil could hardly more wickedly or more mischievously fill. In the same table, the proportion of maides contrasts strongly with tradesmen's wives and daughters, especially when we take the vast difference in their numerical strength into consideration, and also that there are many of the first class tended by their friends at home, who are no better than many of those in confinement. The evil effects which naturally proceed from an enervating system of education, combined with an idle, aimless life, sufficiently account

for this great majority. What a comparative heaven would this earth have been to many of them, had they been born to a fate which would have compelled them to live by earning their bread in a steam-loom factory, among a band of girls with hearts as light as their pockets, to whom a good going web is a happiness—a nicely trimmed bonnet, of their own earning an ectasy—a new gown, a subject of perfect rejoicing, and who would rather go, for a short time, shoeless to their work, than take the gloss off their new cloth boots, which they are keeping so carefully for the church on Sunday.

In the list of males, clerks occupy the same position as domestic servants do among the females; joiners and masons having only three each, while clerks have fifteen. The reason of this may be, that a tradesman has a much more easy mind than a clerk. If a mason be hewing a stone, he has nothing but that single stone to mind, and when he leaves that stone at night, he leaves all his business cares behind him, and has no need to bestow a single thought upon it till he returns to his work in the morning; and should he be discharged, even for misconduct, from one job, unless it be for something very bad, he finds not the slightest difficulty in getting another; and, although his wages are more than equal to the average salary of clerks—a pair of strong shoes and a suit of moleskin are all that is required to make him appear respectable, or indeed, could be profitably worn at his work.

Very different indeed is the situation of a clerk; he has a very great number of different items to mind: one of them neglected or forgotten till it is too late—some blunder, perhaps not his own—by which his books are prevented from balancing, keeps him fretful and feverish, prevents him from sleeping soundly, and if he be a person of an excitable temperament, will raise thoughts and feelings which, had he been a tradesman, he might never have known; and, besides, he has a perpetual struggle, a hand to hand fight with poverty, if he has a family, in striving to keep up an appearance of respectability, to the attainment of which his funds are generally totally inadequate. A poor man, whom circumstances condemn to appear with a good coat on his back, is one of the most pitiable objects in nature and one of the least pitied. Rags draw sympathy.

The list gives twelve labourers. This term is very indefinite, and may apply to many cases where a natural deficiency in intellect prevents the attainment of any regular profession, and eventually leads to confinement for life in a lunatic asylum. In every public

asylum there are cases of this kind; yet, the number for the year 1859 may arise from fortuitous circumstances, with which the nature of their occupation has nothing to do. Still, many of them are more than ordinarily ignorant and improvident, neither of which states tend to health of body or soundness of mind.

Of her treatment of the insane and of her lunatic asylums, Britain may well be proud. How gloriously does she contrast in this with our continental neighbours, where bonds and their brutalizing effects upon both superintendents and patients still remain, and are defended upon the plea of necessity. Freedom is our own country's peculiar boast. Freedom to her people—freedom to the slave—freedom to the lunatic to the very uttermost bound, consistent with the safety of himself and those around him. The heart must be cold as death which does not glow with gratitude and love, when its possessor looks around upon his own country and his own people, and then bends his mental gaze across the sea. We are not, never can be perfect; but we are much nearer to perfection than the inhabitants of any other country upon earth.

Could the asylums for females at various places on the Continent which we could name be placed alongside the building appropriated to the same purpose at Gartnavel, the contrast might well raise a wonder, whether they contained the same species of beings, or the two establishments belonged to the same world. In Gartnavel not the slightest appearance of restraint, the place and the patients scrupulously neat and clean—good-looking women walking about quietly and cheerfully among them, these are nurses evidently selected with skill and care, and whose appearance and demeanour are the very reverse of what a novelist would represent female servants in a lunatic asylum to be. Nothing offensive to be smelt or seen.

The other side of the canvas we will leave untouched, in the belief that the picture would be more disgusting than beneficial.

CHAPTER VIII.

LABOUR AND AMUSEMENTS CONSIDERED AS CURATIVE AGENTS.

THE human mind may be, and generally is, influenced by two very distinct descriptions of belief—the one theoretical and the other practical. The first, in sane people, influences the tongue only—the second regulates the thoughts and rules the actions. A person may be, during a long life, mad in theory, and yet never commit an insane action. A man may, harmlessly enough, theoretically believe that there is an appointed time for him to die, but every action shows the belief to be theoretical, for he carefully avoids danger, and uses every rational and proper means to preserve his health, and thereby prolong his life. Were this belief to become practical, in other words, to rule the actions, then would manifestations of insanity be elicited; and under the belief that the appointed time was come, suicide might be committed, or imagination might slay without the intervention of anything more material than thought.

These conflicting beliefs make some minds to read like a book written by a maniac. Alter the phraseology of some questions very little, and what they conscientiously affirm with the present breath, they as sincerely deny with the next. Still, if the two beliefs remain separate, the existence of both constitutes not insanity; but on many subjects, if they exchange places or co-mingle, they, to a certainty, develop it in one of its most murderous and agonizing forms.

To attempt to reason any one out of insane feelings must be nearly always ineffectual and often mischievous; but to divert the current of thought, for however short a time, from the fiery channel in which it is flowing, must be in every case, and under all circumstances, beneficial. A very excellent method of obtaining this most desirable end, consists in keeping the fingers employed at some light and useful labour, if possible, in the field or garden, under the superintendence of a judicious, sympathizing person, who would regulate the labour to the strength and former habits of the patient; but if placed under the charge of some harsh, unfeeling clown, who would give them work above their strength, or

allow them to overwork themselves, as some nervous, excitable patients would be very apt to do, the result would be the reverse of desirable. To female patients this exercise does not apply; but for ladies there is needle-work in many a form, and for others there is an abundance of household work in the asylum, which is a thousand times better; indeed, get them to assist the nurses, and take an interest in the work of the house, and the cure is begun—and it has been well said that anything well begun is half ended. Employment tends to induce sleep, without which every attempt at cure is a mockery. In order that the mind may live in a state of efficiency, we must submit to this semblance of death for at least a fourth part of our existence.

Light reading, to those who can enjoy it, must have a very excellent effect; but when reading can be enjoyed, we will find that the mind is progressing towards a cure, or has arrived at a still unsatisfactory stage of convalescence, beyond which it is not likely to go. No one whose mind is much distracted can settle down to read. If any particular subject be harassing the mind, a reference to it will be found in every sentence, whatever may be the subject upon which the book treats. A melancholy religious maniac will find damnation written in every line of a child's toy book.

In or out-door amusements in which a number can join, especially if attendants or other sane people can be associated in the game, cannot fail of being highly beneficial. In all cases of curable insanity the company of the sane is much to be desired. Although, unfortunately, far from being practicable in every, or indeed in very many cases, yet there is no exercise or amusement at all to be compared to riding (the more spirited and troublesome the animal is, the better for the purpose) in any case where it is imperative that the mind should be lifted from preying upon its own vitality, and for the time thoroughly incorporated with a subject capable of affording a sufficient degree of wholesome excitement, and where, at the same time, without fatiguing, a considerable amount of healthful exercise for the body is required.

An afflicted man who can ride well, mounted upon a strong, sound horse, which, from its habits, requires constant watching, galloping across the country, with his eyes fixed upon his horse's ears, and not quite certain where the next leap may land him—with distended lungs, inhaling as much oxygen in one minute as he would do at his own fireside in five, has very little time to think

about, and soon gets as regardless of the troop of blue devils, which he is rapidly leaving behind him as the horse which is bearing him so bravely on. There is nothing more exhilarating, and, of course, nothing more conducive to bodily and mental health than the motion of a strong active horse to a man who has a sure seat in the saddle and a firm and skilful bridle-hand.

I believe that there is even more in this than meets the common eye; and with the certainty of being laughed at by some people, and having it set down as an insane notion by others, I will state that a young, spirited horse imparts a portion of that vital energy with which he overflows to a dull, melancholy, weak-minded rider. I have felt this, or at least believed that I did so, I may safely say a hundred times. I have often mounted, weak and vacillating, almost afraid to slack the bridle and let the horse go, and after an hour or two of hard riding, I have dismounted in mind and body a very different man. This idea may be true or false, I am not very certain which; but it may be true, and yet no known law of nature be violated.

It is well known that if children sleep with very old people, or a healthy person with the very weak or consumptive, the young and healthy will fall off in health and in flesh. The very same law is at work here, the only difference lying in the subjects upon which it acts. It is nature replenishing a dried up cistern from one that overflows. The law is universal—suckers flourish at the expense of the nearest root, and the thirsty parasite sucks up the life-stream and dwarfs the oak.

For the last two years I have attended the concerts and balls given, during the dark months of the year, to the inmates of Gartnavel Royal Lunatic Asylum; and from what I have seen, and also from what I have heard from the inmates themselves, I know that these meetings have often soothed the excited, cheered the desponding, and turned the mind aside for the time from the corroding task of contemplating its own sorrows, and consequently ministered to the great purpose for which asylums are instituted—the cure of insanity.

That music had almost a magical influence over insanity in days that are long past, history, sacred and profane, testifies; and all that have watched the expression upon the faces of the inmates of this asylum, during these vocal and instrumental performances, must have seen that time had not robbed the beneficent spirit

which presides over sweet sounds of any portion of her entrancing power. Concerts far excel any other description of amusement that can be introduced into an asylum in the universality of their application. They suit both sexes alike, are alike attractive to youth and to age; they soothe the excited—cheer the depressed. And their regular recurrence breaks up that stagnation of the mind consequent upon the monotony which must ever reign within the walls of, and be injuriously felt by all connected with, places of confinement.

Through the philanthropy of the gentlemen connected with the management of the Glasgow City Hall Saturday Evening Concerts, who attend with the professionals engaged by them gratuitously, these concerts, for arrangement and musical excellence, rank high, and could not easily be surpassed. The calm, quiet attention to the music, and the orderly conduct observed by the patients, could not be excelled, and is seldom equalled by any assemblage of sane persons; while the feeling of enjoyment which illuminates almost every face is not only a matter of delight but of astonishment.

There are people here listening to the song and joining in the dance—enjoying the clear light, and the beauty and the fragrance of the fresh evergreens which festoon the hall, who under the old system would have been lying in bonds and darkness—their only music the clanking of the iron bolt and the rattling of the prison keys. Surely earth is bounding heavenwards, and her every revolution bathing us deeper in that flood of mild, moon-like light, which ever streams from mercy's crystal throne.

CHAPTER IX.

A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES.

LIFE INSURANCE.

THERE is a clause in life assurance policies excluding the representatives of suicides from all interest in the sum assured, whatever may be the amount of the premiums paid under the policy. This clause draws down an uncertainty upon every life policy in existence which contains it, and renders it impossible, however many premiums may have been paid, however large the sum assured, however utterly destitute the widows and children may be without this provision, that any policy-holder, in whose policy such a clause exists, can assuredly say that ever one farthing of the sum assured will reach his family. Article manufacturers for friendly societies have aped their betters in introducing this signal manifestation of barbarism, folly, impolicy, and injustice into their book of laws, forgetful, or too ignorant ever to have known, that their own families may be the sufferers thereby. Such a clause is an everlasting disgrace, a shame, burning into the heart's core of the age in which we live, fit only for the days when the executioner was abroad instead of the schoolmaster, and the maniac's uncoffined body was thrown into a hole in a cross road and pierced through with a stake. It is certainly strange that any thing so antithetic to the progressive spirit of the time, and so opposed to the nature of the institution itself, should be allowed to disfigure the face and distort the form of such an enlightened and beneficent institution as life assurance.

In the delirium which ever attends brain fever, a man might throw himself from a window, and thereby render his policy void, without the idea of self-destruction having ever presented itself to his mind; and in some cases of accidental death it might furnish dilatory or dishonourable directors with an excuse for delaying or withholding payment, even where suicide had not been committed. No well informed man could object to a small advance upon his premium to cover this risk. Even the saving to his feelings by the expulsion of this clause would be worth something; for it must hurt the feelings of any one to be reminded by every reading of his policy that there is an appreciable amount of probability that he

may be shot dead in a duel, hung by his own hands, or perish in the same most undesirable manner by the more scientific hands of the common hangman. In an age like this "can such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder."

The company should ascertain, before becoming surety for any life, that brain and body are healthy, and the moral character good; and then upon the strong shoulders of the association let the unseen evils which lurk in the dark bosom of the future fall, and let not shame, sorrow and want descend like an avalanche, for ever chilling the lone heart of the widow and blasting and burying the prospects of her fatherless children. On the company individually the loss would fall like a feather; while on the other side it might scorch like the lightning, and strike like the thunderbolt.

SLEEP.

Few brains can stand the want of a sufficient allowance of sleep for any considerable length of time unscathed; and trying to curtail the hours of rest is a most dangerous experiment. No brain or body can continue long in a state of activity without plenty of sleep; and better far to sleep an hour or two longer in the morning than go about dozing all day. Very early rising is nearly equivalent to sitting up very late; and the time spent in sleeping soundly is very far from being time lost. Sleep, or die a death of agony, is a decree irreversible by man; and madness, suspended by a single hair, hangs over the head of him who would attempt the unholy task.

It is perfectly dangerous to lay down rules for the treatment of the insane, for what may be beneficial in one case may be hurtful in another, and yet the symptoms in both cases be so nearly alike as to be almost indistinguishable; but I do know that exercise and change of scene is sometimes resorted to in direct opposition to the wishes of the patient, when, in absolute quietude, in silence almost unbroken even by a whisper—in continuously dozing, slumbering and sleeping, lies the only germ of the patient's salvation. These are easily managed cases, and not at all fitted for the routine of either a public or private asylum.

Two years ago I saw a man every day for six weeks in this condition, at the end of which he rose and went about his ordinary business, and has attended to it regularly and efficiently ever since. He had been more than once in confinement for insanity before

this, and this had the appearance of another serious attack. He lay disturbing no one, in a concealed bed, with the window shutters of the room partially closed. So sensitive was he that a direct ray of light would cause a twinge of pain to flit across his face, and any sudden or harsh sound would make him turn up his eyes in agony. It was perfectly evident that to meddle much in any way with this man was to cause madness or death; and he was not meddled with. Food was handed upon a salver into him regularly, but if he did not choose to take it, it was removed without any remarks being made. To sum up all, he was let alone, and he completely recovered; and any other treatment would not only have tortured but destroyed him. Cold or hot water, air or exercise, are all good when kept in their own places; but had any of them been applied here, how very different must have been the result.

This case was directly caused by want of sleep; and sleeplessness was caused by he having engaged in a business which had to be attended to during the night, and at the same trying to attend to another which engaged him during a good portion of the day. For days and nights did this man lie trying to catch sleep, afraid to move a limb or draw a breath, for fear of driving still farther from him sleep, his only hope, which kept circling around him coy as a wild bird on the wing. Sleep came and settled on his eyelids at length, without anything of the nature of a sleeping draught ever having been administered; and he would sleep six or seven hours at a time, calm as an infant, and continues still to do so.

I at one time watched over a very different case. The man was a religious maniac, and resisted sleep; and when outraged, insulted nature sunk for an hour or two under her sufferings into something resembling repose, he would start up lamenting that such a doomed wretch as he should dare to sleep; so he drove the thrice blessed angel from him, and drew the demon madness to his breast. He was a strong, sound man, neither mind nor body easily murdered; but mind succumbed at last, and sound, unbroken, dreamless slumber fell upon the eyelids of an idiot.

FOOD.

If maniacs are not supplied with a sufficiency of food they die fast; and the habits of half-starved lunatics are much grosser than the habits of those who are well fed. A striking example of

this came under my notice a number of years ago, in the case of an old man, an idiot, who was brought to Gartnavel Asylum lean as a greyhound, and as foul a feeder as a hyena, having long lived, very sumptuously it may be supposed, at the expense of some benevolent parish in Ayrshire. Being harmless, he was allowed to go about the grounds and do any kind of work he was capable of, and thus, in addition to a good allowance in the house, he got access to the feeding trough of the pigs, and there he fed lustily among his equals, if not his superiors. In a short time he began to take on flesh—a wonderful improvement in every way was evident; and although I have no reason to suppose that he ever got so very fastidious as to refuse taking a meal along with the pigs, yet filth, which he had greedily devoured, he would not now touch with his fingers. Hunger, if long continued, will reduce the most polished of our race to a lower level than that occupied by a well fed beast—poverty is a great brutifier of human nature. A sufficiency of food is as necessary for the health and development of the mind as it is for the body. Spare feeding may not destroy, but it must weaken and also vitiate the intellectual faculties of any one, however high may be their natural endowments or their acquired standard of morality, and therefore must stand sadly in the way of recovery in all cases of insanity.

We may figuratively say that mind and body are manufactured in the stomach; and unless a sufficiency of nutritious food is introduced, and great care taken to keep it in a healthy working state, we may depend upon a very unsatisfactory result. "I never take any thing that disagrees with my stomach, and that, I think, is the reason why I have never lain a week in my life-time, and I am ninety-five years of age this summer," said a hearty, healthy maiden lady to me; and there can be no doubt that were this simple law more generally observed, there would be more health and less insanity. The mouth is an index to the state of the stomach; and I suspect that you will find few persons with a clean mouth in the first stage of insanity. This may indicate settled disease in the material of which the stomach is composed, or perhaps only a temporary derangement in its mode of acting.

How strange, how inexplicable it is, that we often see that form of disease which professional gentlemen call functional, act a thousand times more powerfully upon the sufferer than that which is termed organic; although in the first case no trace of disease can

be detected upon dissection by the most careful and skilful anatomist, while in the second the whole organ may be inflamed, or a large portion of it may have altogether disappeared under the influence of virulent morbid action.

Convulsions, which an inexperienced onlooker would consider sufficient to tear asunder the frame-work of a horse, often belong to the first class; while that slow, insidious disease, consumption, in which the victim hopes and smiles often to the last, and heart disease, in which the workman, unconscious of anything being seriously wrong with him, may die instantly and easily, with the hammer or the hatchet in his hand, belong to the second. There is evidently an undiscovered something here. In functional disease, the cause evidently lies not in the corporeal portion of man, for when the fit is past things move on in their usual course, as if nothing whatever had occurred; and if it belongs not to the material, where can we look for it but in the vital principle, that principle which pervades all animal and vegetable life? Can this be the reason why this class of diseases lies so utterly beyond the reach of medicine and of man? I believe that among maniacs ten diseased stomachs may be found for one diseased brain; though, at the same time, I believe that were any brain, sane or insane, dissected, for the purpose of establishing a favourite hypothesis, by discovering a diseased atom or two or some peculiarity in form or appearance, that the theorist would seldom be disappointed, and that were he to continue his researches in the same spirit over every organ in the body, that the result would be the same.

All extremes are dangerous; and stomach disease may perhaps be more certainly induced by gluttony than by an insufficient supply of food. In either case the consequence is the same. Whatever weakens or disorders the stomach predisposes to imbecility and insanity.

A FEW WORDS TO THE RELATIVES OF THE INSANE.

A sudden change in the natural disposition, accompanied by sleeplessness, are generally the forerunners of insanity. When a talkative, cheerful person becomes silent and dull, or one naturally civil and obliging becomes abrupt and sullen; in short, when a marked change in the behaviour of any one takes place, without any reasonable cause, accompanied by an inability to sleep, there is strong reason to fear and to prepare against coming insanity.

The first thing to be done in this case, before calling doctor or minister, or any one else, is to administer a full dose of aperient medicine. Let that be one ounce of pure, unadulterated castor oil. I speak not from hearsay, but from actual experience, when I say that in such cases no other medicine can compare with the oil. Besides the qualities which this medicine possesses in common with other purgatives, it has a soothing influence upon the nervous system. Possibly it effects this by the merely mechanical process of oiling, and thereby softening the nervous mass of which the stomach is composed. This can in no case do harm, and will, in almost every case, do great good; for there is a great likelihood that an aggravation at least of the disease lies in irritation or obstruction of the stomach or bowels. This should be done upon the very first appearance of the symptoms; and I have no doubt but that in some cases it would remove, and in others modify and render controllable, that feeling which, if left unchecked, might run on into confirmed insanity.

Had I the certainty of an attack of insanity before me, and the power to prescribe for myself, I would say, place me where I can neither hurt nor destroy myself nor any other person—give me easily digested food—if I am able, and can be made, without compulsion, willing, let me work in the garden or field moderately—let my friends visit me regularly, and be allowed to remain for a considerable time when they come—let no medicine, save an occasional dose of castor oil, cross my lips—leave my mind entirely alone—and, if under these circumstances, nature did not assert her supremacy, I would consider my state as hopeless as though my doom had been written by the iron fingers of relentless despair.

There are many cases of mental distress, amounting almost to insanity, which may wear off under mild treatment at home, without having recourse to an asylum, but which under harsh or injudicious treatment will often run into insanity of a very unyielding type. This may be found principally among young females. The asylum should, if possible, be avoided in such cases, as it would undoubtedly damage their future prospects in life. Were it not for this, an asylum would be by far the most suitable place for them; for generally there would be more forbearance shown by the officials there than would be shown to their vagaries by their mother or sisters at home; besides, they would not be pestered there by the conversation of kind but mistaken friends, whose instruc-

tions and advices can only tend to keep the mind dwelling upon the subject which is destroying it, and fix ideas which in an asylum might possibly pass away. But in all cases where there are manifestations of violence or despair, the asylum should be, without hesitation, at once employed; for, in the one case, they may injure others, in the other inflict mortal injury upon themselves.

Lunatic asylums are undoubtedly the proper places for all cases of insanity which are likely to continue for an indefinite term, unless the patient be in affluent circumstances and can afford to have a separate portion of his dwelling appropriated to his own use, and men to attend him by night as well as by day. The presence of a lunatic in a private house where there is a family, is morally and physically bad; and should the family consist of people of a nervous temperament, would be apt to spread insanity.

Always talk to them as if they were rational and accountable beings—let kindness be ever largely mingled with firmness and decision, and in matters of trivial import show yourself the wiser of the two, by frankly and at once allowing the patient to have his or her own way. Never, where it can be avoided, trust an insane person; and, at the same time, never show your distrust. He may be trustworthy this minute, and the next, if you have given him an opportunity, he may destroy himself.

ANALOGY BETWEEN THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE WORLD.

The pine tree, as it stands isolated on the plain, or companioned by thousands in the forest, bears within its bark, all the materials necessary for rapid combustion. For all so cool and green as it looks, the elements of its destruction are circling through branch, and trunk, and leaf, and root; and yet, if no wicked or careless hand apply the brand, no cloud burst over it charged with electric fire, it may stand till time and storm mingle it with the soil on which it grew, as unscathed by fire or flame as though its leaves had been of snow—its trunk and branches of ice.

Between the tree and the fire, and man and madness, a close analogy, to a certain extent, exists, and then they part, "wide as the poles, asunder." The fire must come to the tree—man can go and seek madness, can toil, and pray, and suffer, and sin for, aye, and as it were, go a wooing of this fearful bride, and numberless are the paths which lead to the region of darkness in which she dwells; fortunately the plain, straight-forward path of duty seldom leads to her cell.

EPILEPSY AND PERIODICAL MADNESS.

The proverb says, "extremes sometimes meet." The reason may be, that effects entirely opposite sometimes proceed from the same cause; and I feel rather inclined to suspect that epileptic fits and periodic attacks of uncontrollable madness may possibly, yet be distinctly traced to the same source, and that source or cause appears to be an accumulation and concentration of nervous energy within the head. In the first, the man falls like a bullock struck down by a blow from the butcher's axe; in the second, he foams and rages under a fearful accession of energy and life, and his nature changes as completely as though his own spirit had been expelled and a mad demon had taken possession. In this matter I presume not to offer any decided opinion; but as it is unlikely that these two very opposite states of being can be induced by any difference in the amount of injury done to the same department of the brain, may not the fit be occasioned by the accumulation and explosion of the electric fluid, or whatever it may be, in the cerebellum, that seat of all voluntary muscular motion, and the madness by the same means in the cerebrum, that portion of the brain where the faculties which compose intellect are believed to reside? I feel rather confirmed in this idea by having observed a disproportioned development of the back part of the head in the many cases which I have seen of epilepsy. Of the cerebral development of the head of those subject to periodic attacks of madness, I have not had the same opportunity of judging.

I have been for a considerable time on very friendly terms with a gentleman thus afflicted. In mind and in manner, in kindness of heart, in intelligence, in personal appearance, and in worldly circumstances, a gentleman. Those portions of the head which phrenologists point out as the dwelling places of the moral and intellectual are in him beautifully developed, and the man is exactly what these outward signs describe him to be. While I write this he is in one of his regularly recurring paroxysms. I saw and I heard him to-day, and I was horrified,—aye, that is the very word, horrified.

FEMALE LUNATICS.

Female lunatics are much less susceptible of control than males. They are more troublesome, more noisy, and more abusive in their language towards those who have charge over them, much readier

to use their teeth, their tongue, and their hands than males who have received the same degree of education, and moved in the same circle of society. The mind must be sadly wasted before it ceases to give manifestations of the education and breeding of its possessor. Circumstances and training leave an impression which insanity often disfigures, but seldom altogether destroys.

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

The seeds of insanity are often sown in the constitutions of children by the hands of ignorant parents; and often do such parents live to reap a fearful harvest of retribution. A large-headed, precocious child, whose unnatural cleverness is caused by a state of brain bordering on, and easily convertible into, disease, instead of his intellect being spurred on by every incentive—kept in a state of continual excitement by appealing to every passion, good or bad, which lies within the convolutions of that fermenting blood-gorged brain, should be allowed to run about and exercise his limbs in the open air. Let him tumble, and jump, and roar, as uncontrolled as a wild deer. This will not only withdraw the blood from the morbidly inclined brain, but it will cause a healthy stream to flow to where it is required, and strengthen the trunk and limbs, which, generally, in such children are stunted and feeble. Such children should not be taught a letter before seven or perhaps eight years of age; and that strong propensity to inquire the cause of every thing they see, which proceeds from the unnatural development of the brain, should be carefully, quietly, and kindly repressed. Keep the feet of such children warm, the head cool—I would almost say in some cases cold—their minds as ignorant as you can—they will learn more than enough in spite of you; and by so doing you may save the prodigy of four years of age from being a prodigious blockhead, if not an idiot, at twenty.

To insure as far as possible, a firm and healthy condition of body during childhood should be the parent's first and earnest care. Many an oversensitive little brain has been tortured and destroyed through the fanaticism, pride, and ignorance of well-meaning and affectionate parents. I recollect of a little book which was put into my hands when I was a mere child, named "Janeway's Token for Children." It must have made some impression on my brain, since I recollect the author's name after a lapse of nearly fifty years. And this precious little book, highly recommended by those

whose trade it should have been to have made themselves somewhat acquainted with the nature of mind and brain, was a chronicle of slain innocents, children as practically sacrificed as if their parents had belonged to that heathenish tribe who made their offspring pass through the fire unto Moloch. And this Janeway seems to have been very anxious to obtain an accession to the number of poor little infant maniacs, whose deaths he so exultingly recorded.

CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness is a duty incumbent upon all, but doubly so upon those who have the rearing of children. Children are imitative creatures; and the young brain is easily impressed and wonderfully tenacious. It is a sad thing in mature years when the days of childhood can only be remembered with the same feeling as we contemplate a dark cloudy morning, or a foggy, drizzling, rainy day; and this is the feeling of those who have been reared where a smile was seldom seen, and the merry ring of laughter never heard.

Melancholy is a forerunner and a direct cause of a most distressing description of insanity. Even when it does not reach insanity, it depresses all energy, and renders the melancholy man like a waterlogged ship, devoid of buoyancy—swept by every surge, and, instead of rising on the top of each billow, submerged by every wave. Cheerfulness is an antidote to insanity, and to many other evils besides. It is safe, taken in any quantity, and so cheap that even a poor man may possess an abundance of it; while the "luxury of woe" is one of the dearest and most dangerous luxuries that any human being can indulge in.

There is the germ of a most valuable power inherent in the mind, which can be cultivated till its strength almost equals its usefulness. This is the ability to turn away at once from any subject which we find annoying or distressing to the mind. In the perfection of this faculty lies one of the strongest safeguards, if used, against the attacks of insanity. The power itself consists in a combination of judgment and will. Every sane mind possesses it in a greater or less degree; but as insanity gains strength, this power gradually decreases, till at length it may be wholly lost. Still there are some people who pass for sane who either have so little of it, or choose to call so little of it into action, that a slight touch of bodily pain, or a trivial disappointment, seems to absorb nearly their whole being, if we may judge by their talking about little else. Those who have

cultivated this power are much more capable, perhaps not of resisting, but of evading an attack of insanity than those who have not.

EXCESS.

Excess is a more fertile source of insanity than many people suppose. All excesses, of whatever kind or degree, tend to benumb or to inflame; and if the excess be great or often repeated, it will send the blood flying through artery and vein at a speed which makes even the extremities of the body to burn with fever's unnatural heat, or depresses the circulation till the heart's faint flutterings resemble the quiverings of the wing of a dying bird, and the clammy forehead, sweat-drenched frame, and chilled limbs feel cold as a marble statue wet with wintery rain. These are often the physical effects of excess; the mental may be madness, which would fly at a parent's throat—imbecility, which would sob, and wail, and weep over a broken toy—or total idiocy, a human vegetable, to whom the earth, the air, and the sky seem a mingled mass, round whose defenceless head the storm unheeded howls, and on whose dull ear the voice of friend and foe, of soothing and of threatening, undistinguished fall.

PRIDE.

Of all forms of insanity, that caused by pride is the most revolting, and one that, in many cases, calls up little sympathy for its victim. Few can forbear pitying the poor downstricken maniac, who gives precedence to a dog, looks with reverence upon a reptile, and keenly envies the loathsome earthworm as it buries itself from sun and air in the damp, dark ground; but with what different feelings do we regard a man who, while with one breath he exalts himself to a height which we will not name, with the next whines and laments over some fancied evil, of which, even were it real, a well-bred school-boy would be ashamed to complain. Meanness and pride in sanity and insanity go as closely linked together as death and decay. Insanity of this kind proceeds from, or at least is accompanied by, a full and excited organ of self-esteem, an organ which when it gains the ascendant, renders the persons objects of contempt and dislike to the patients who are obliged to associate with them, while to themselves they appear kings, queens, lords or ladies of high degree; and sometimes, in the wildness of their insane pride, they assume a name and a power infinitely higher.

I am inclined to think that in the incipient stages of this form of the disease, judicious moral treatment could be of great avail. I have heard Dr. Mackintosh, by the use of a few words, wisely and well applied, bring a pride-stricken patient down to the common level, as easily as a mother would calm an unruly infant by putting the breast in its mouth.

INDECISION.

This is a very painful feeling, and operates strongly upon those in whom cautiousness predominates over firmness. I have known a person shaking as in an ague fit and drenched with sweat, by the anxiety consequent upon an inability to decide upon which of two ways to choose, when the whole question was a moonshine matter, signifying absolutely nothing which of them he took, and very little whether he took either of them. In such cases whatever path is taken is sure to appear to the diseased mind to be the wrong one; and were he to turn back and take the other, he would be on the wrong path still. In this, as in almost all cases of insanity, if the "patient does not minister unto himself," comparatively powerless for good is the greatest physician's skill.

FALSE SHAME.

No position can be more honourable, nor should any man be more honoured, than a conscientious, humane, and successful physician, who devotes his time and talents to the treatment and management of the insane. What an amount of wisdom, benevolence, talent and tact is required—what a complete command, I would almost say what an entire absence, of temper must be displayed—how far above petty jealousies and dislikes must he soar —how loftily regardless must he be even of insults and injuries before he can fill that high office with honour to himself and benefit to those under his control, all of whom his conduct renders more or less comfortable, and some of whom it must either sink or save.

I am sorry to say that pride and ignorance cause many relatives of those afflicted with this disease to appear heartlessly ashamed of their unfortunate friends. Did the friends of that mildest yet often most miserable of men, the Christian poet, Cowper, feel ashamed of him in his long days and hours of darkness? Did Sir James Mackintosh feel ashamed of his friend Robert Hall,* that

*Sir James writes to the following effect—"My dear Robert Hall,—Consider, I beg of you, that the disease under which you unfortunately labour is nothing

eloquent Baptist preacher,* when he was twice deeply enveloped in lunacy's dark cloud? Does that gem of a woman, our noble Queen, ennobled by something richer far than blood or birth, ennobled by a virtuous life—does she bow down her head and blush because her own millions, whose flags stream out on every sea, whose feet tread every shore—because America, through every state in her broad union—because every court and camp in the civilized world knows that her grandfather the King was a lunatic? No. And yet people whose names their next door neighbours perhaps can scarcely tell, must blush, and stammer, and prevaricate, and lie because the immaculate purity of their blood has been soiled by flowing through the veins of a maniac.

but a derangement of the nervous system; and as rheumatism is nothing but a variety of this disease, you will observe, when you come to think this, that your malady will be, as it ought to be, robbed of all its terrors."

*Mr. Hall's sermon on the death of the Princess Charlotte has seldom been equalled, and perhaps never surpassed.

CHAPTER X.

GARTNAVEL ASYLUM.

I CANNOT close this little book without giving a short description of the Asylum at Gartnavel, and recording my humble meed of praise to the Directors of this establishment, for the very liberal spirit which they display in all things connected with the safety and comfort of the peculiarly dependent inmates of that institution. In particularizing three of the eldest Directors who have proved their sincere interest in the insane, by working zealously and gratuitously for their benefit for more than thirty years, I have not the most distant idea that any words of mine can add a brighter tint to that resplendent halo which ever glows around the setting sun of men who have devoted much of their energies, and time during a long life, to the relief of the suffering and helpless. This were an attempt "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw fresh perfume on the violet," but I do think that this tribute may be pleasing to them, proceeding, as it does, from one who is a living proof, that their labour of love has not been in vain. These gentlemen are—Mr. Maclean of Plantation, Mr. Bankier, of Cuillbheag, Mr. Mackinlay of Oswaldbank—names which, along with that of the Superintendent, Dr. Mackintosh, are enrolled among those moral heroes over whose victories no childless mother weeps, no helpless orphan mourns.

To give an idea of the humane, intelligent, and liberal spirit which has actuated the Directors in matters relative to the house and its inmates, from the building of the first asylum in Glasgow till now, a few extracts from the printed yearly Reports will suffice. In the Report for 1817 we find—

"Excepting occasional quarrels, generally leading to abusive language, in which some are unfortunately very great proficients, while those less so, are ready to repel abuse by blows, which however, are always checked instantly by the keepers; and excepting a periodical propensity in some, to break windows and furniture, little has occurred to disturb the peace of the Asylum.

"Whenever there appears any sign indicative of the breaking propensity reviving, every practicable precaution against it is promptly taken; but it frequently happens, that no symptom of its approach can be perceived by the most acute and vigilant observer. A patient retires to rest with such composure, that he kindly bids his keeper good night; yet, next morning, the plaster of his room is found broken, the wood split, and his knuckles all over bloody, from the blows aimed at the spectre which seemed to flit along the wall. To every remonstrance, there is but one answer, 'I cannot help it. If the enemy come, I must fight him; and truly, as my hands witness, I am more to be pitied than blamed.'

"The young man, mentioned in the last Report as having been sent back on account of his breaking every thing at home, for some time tore all his body and bed clothes; but after a short confinement in the strait jacket, he became, and has since continued perfectly quiet; though on proposing to send him home lately, and exacting a promise that he would not again destroy his poor mother's furniture, he first demurred, and then positively refused to renew a promise which he had already violated, adding these remarkable words: 'I may be again, as I have been already, in such a state, that nothing but breaking furniture can give me any ease.'

"It is difficult to apprehend, and more difficult to explain, the principle on which the demolition of furniture should give ease to the mind of a madman;* for, all the while, he knows a chair and table to be what they are, he knows also, that they belong to one who supports him with much difficulty, and who, far from being able to replace what he destroys, can hardly keep up the present scanty stock. On some occasions, indeed, reasons quite absurd, but somewhat intelligible, are given for such an outrage. Some, becoming suddenly frantic, break to pieces every thing that can be broken in their apartments, because they think the articles might be much better made; others, because they deem it not only allowable, but commendable, to encourage trade in times like the present. As the love of strong drink can be restrained only by keeping it out of the madman's reach, so the propensity to break-

*How exceedingly clear is the mystery of 1817 to its descendant 1860. This man's organ of destructiveness was in a state of inflammation; and had his organs of cautiousness and benevolence been less fully developed, instead of breaking furniture, he would most likely have committed murder.

ing cannot, in many cases, be restrained, without a degree of confinement hardly compatible with health.

"Several patients are incurably addicted to purloining, chiefly, it would appear, to display their superiority over those from whom they pilfer; for they lavish on one what they have taken from another. There is little selection in the articles, and often no perceptible object in the theft. Bits of cheese are hid till they rot, of bread till they become mouldy, old newspapers are secreted, in short, whatever comes in their way is picked up, and when an enquiry is made, if any other person is blamed, they enjoy it so much, as to leave it doubtful whether the head or heart be most in fault.

"Among by far the greater number, however, a better spirit prevails. They are not only kind, but generous to each other, enjoy the common happiness, and are eager to promote it. Several good performers join in little concerts, which are listened to with great delight. One who has seen military service, for some time amused his hearers exceedingly, but they have dwindled away, because there was too little variety in his story. He was present at every action in Spain, uniformly leading his company into the hottest of the fire, and after the superior officers had fallen, which they always did very quickly, he took the command, first of his own regiment, then of the battalion, and at last of the whole army, when some of our most brilliant victories were gained; though by an oversight equally unaccountable and invidious, the circumstance is not once mentioned in the Gazette.

"The muses have still their full proportion of votaries; but instead of smooth pastorals and sublime odes, there has lately been a profusion of pasquinades against some of the patients or the keepers, and many virulent satires against the Superintendent and Physician, especially by some who take *Junius* for their model, rating so high their talents for satire, that they believe it in their power at pleasure to consign any person to eternal infamy. But what was said of Junius with some truth, may with more be applied to most of his imitators, 'They mistake the venom of the shaft for the vigour of the bow.'

"One gentleman has begun a tragedy, the scene being a harem, in which two assassins were to murder Ali. Its motto is, 'Alas! my heart! patience is needless, and death is certain.' A prose dedication to a friend in Edinburgh, contains the following char-

acteristic sentence: 'If this production should have any merit, it is to you it owes its suavity, gentleness, or any other good quality which it has——or wants.' The play proceeded no farther than through a part of the first scene, because the speakers became so unmanageable as to utter what the author, a day or two after, confessed he did not well understand, consequently could hardly expect others to understand it, on which account he did not think it worth his while to trouble himself farther with them, especially as he was already engaged in another work far more important to mankind.

"This was a letter to Lord Sidmouth, pointing out with considerable shrewdness, the importance and necessity of a new bill for regulating all mad-houses, public and private, and promising his assistance on the occasion. Accordingly, the bill was begun, and in a few days was much advanced, till the author began to feel the want of the last Act, which he eagerly sought, observing that it would be idle to repeat, and indecent to contradict the enactments of that bill. This Act, however, not having been immediately procured, the author thought of another expedient: he rescinded it, and all other Acts whatsoever, declaring and enacting that his own shall be the only one from this time forth for ever. It was speedily finished; and though it has not yet passed through the usual forms of Parliament, the author has so little doubt of its doing so in course, that on a new keeper's coming to the ward, he put the bill into his hand, with an injunction to read it carefully, and to conform to it strictly at his peril."

Farther on in the Asylum's history we find—

"The letter-writers continue as industrious as ever, and occasionally contrive to send out epistles, idle or mischievous. The principle of removing from the Asylum, as much as possible, all appearance of a prison, renders it very difficult, or rather impossible, to prevent letters from going out, without searching every visitor. Many indeed are intercepted, but it is thought better to allow some foolish ones to escape, than to adopt measures of too great severity. Some clamour has been raised, and some complaints have been made by several who desired paper to be withheld, and by another, who, on being received very ungraciously by his wife, was extremely angry with the keeper, who refused either to chastise her himself, or allow the husband to do so. No punishment, however, but confinement, or moderate privation, has, on any account, been allowed; and paper is still furnished to those who enjoy the composing of

letters, reflect on them with the utmost self-complacency, and speak of them with exultation. One noted writer, on hearing of the Grand Duke's visit, addressed to the Emperor of Russia a letter of the utmost importance to that great empire, but by the inadvertence or envy of one of the attendants, he was prevented from delivering it to his Highness. The writer hoped that the Duke would return for this literary treasure; and on hearing that his Highness was gone he expressed great chagrin, not so much for his own fame, which, he observed, was sufficiently established, as for the loss sustained by Russia, from the want of such a communication; which, however, when a frank was offered, he declined delivering to any one but the Grand Duke.

"Though several of the patients refuse to labour, some from laziness, others from an opinion that they ought not to do any thing beneficial to a house fully paid for their support, not a few apply to useful labour either in the open air, or at their own trades within doors. Two looms and five spinning wheels are generally kept at work; clothes are made or mended; stockings and worsted gloves are knit; and occasionally, a little muslin is flowered, though, on the whole, this is the least profitable manufacture, because when any freak or wrangling occurs, the figures are apt to rise on the wrong side. Every encouragement, however, is given to the exertions of industry, because nothing contributes so much to promote a cure, and prevent a relapse.

"The number of cures during last year exceeds the expectation of those who saw the patients when admitted, as in many, the disorder was of long duration, and of great severity. This was particularly remarkable in one elegant young man, whose masterly sketches on the walls attract the notice of every visitor. From a state as hopeless as can be imagined, he recovered so completely, that, for six weeks, no trace of derangement could be perceived in his countenance, conversation, or deportment. He went to Glasgow and transacted some business with great discretion, after which he returned to his friends, from whom there has been no account of a relapse.

"Though their chief gratification must always arise from seeing the comforts enjoyed by the patients, still more from witnessing the relief or cure of their dreadful malady, the Directors confess themselves not insensible to the commendations bestowed on the Asylum, by men the best qualified to form a just estimate. A nurse

trained in it, was lately chosen, by most respectable judges, as Matron to an Infirmary; frequent applications are made, by gentlemen engaged in erecting other asylums, for minute information respecting this; and Robert Hamilton, Esq., Sheriff of Lanarkshire, after another accurate inspection, and without any previous notice of his visit, he published in the newspapers the following report. 'The patients and every thing belonging to the Establishment, were shown to him by Mr. and Mrs. Drury, and the whole Institution, as was expected, found to be in the most perfect order. It is a singular fact, that there are no private houses for the reception of the insane in this country, or any where within the vicinity of this city. There is, indeed, no occasion for them, as, in the Institution now mentioned, the most suitable provision and arrangements are made, for the reception and care of patients, of all ranks and of every description, and in a superior degree, and with more economy, than any private establishment could afford.'

"The committee of the House of Commons, after the most extensive inquiries, and the strictest investigations, respecting madhouses, ever made in this or any country, have preserved, in their admirable report, not only a copy of our regulations, but the asseveration of the Honourable Henry Grey Bennet, who after having acted as a most indefatigable and intelligent member of the committee, appeared as a witness, giving much information from the most careful examination of many asylums which he had visited, and declared, 'That the Glasgow Asylum was the best he had ever seen.'

"Several of the cured patients visit the Asylum, whenever they have an opportunity; and one, who dreaded a new attack, in consequence of a quarrel with her friends, walked back from a considerable distance, requesting to be re-admitted for a short time, in order to have the threatened attack warded off, or speedily removed. She was admitted accordingly, no fit ensued, and, after a residence of six weeks, she went home in good health. Another, finding his head very much disturbed, hurried up to the Asylum, from his house in Glasgow, requesting immediate admission, in a manner so confused, as indicated great danger. He was, therefore, instantly re-admitted, though it was past ten o'clock at night: in a few hours he became most outrageous, but the disease being checked in the very commencement, its violence subsided soon, and he was quickly restored to his family.

"These facts are mentioned, to show, that patients who have resided in the Asylum, instead of reflecting on it as a prison, in which penance must be undergone, and punishment suffered, look to it as a place of refuge, to which they flee of their own accord, whenever they begin to feel themselves in danger. Of this there have occurred several instances still more striking. A person, who might have been dismissed cured many months ago, remains at her own desire, preferring the Asylum as her permanent abode. Formerly she was liable to attacks from three to six times a-year, each paroxysm continuing for several weeks; but, since her residence in the Asylum, the interval between her attacks has become progressively longer, while, instead of lasting for weeks, with great noise and violence, they pass off in a few days, or hours, being withal so slight as to be imperceptible to a stranger, though sensibly felt by herself, and manifest to those who know her intimately, from increase of restlessness, and irritability. She visits her friends as often as she chooses, behaving as easily and correctly as any one in company; regularly attends public worship, frequently conducting another patient to church; and, indeed, is of the greatest use to the house, by counselling, assisting, and soothing other patients, over whom she has great influence, every exertion of her judgment or benevolence toward them tending wonderfully to promote her own recovery, and fortify her constitution against future attacks."

And still farther on, we read—

"The satirists, this year, have produced nothing, and the poets, only one Ode to Love. The campaigns in Spain seem to be forgotten; but the letter-writers are as assiduous as ever. A considerable quantity of paper was given to some very ingenious men, who promised to write their own memoirs, which would have been literary curiosities; but there is reason to think that the whole was employed in letters, of which they have great store always ready, and addressed to people whom they are quite uncertain of seeing. This circumstance, by exciting surprise in those who receive them, gives them the greatest pleasure at the time, and for several days afterwards. When visited by some of the Professors, they gave to each a sealed letter, addressed to himself, besides one addressed to almost every member of the University. To a Magistrate lately, they gave letters to the Provosts of several burghs, especially those who are friends to reform, all nearly of the same tenor. After some remarks, varied according to circumstances,

they generally order the person addressed to send up directly several pipes of the best wines, with a proportion of rum and brandy; the best editions of all the books of which they can remember the titles, together with the newest maps, and the best pictures; and money, from £50,000 to £100,000.

"It is most remarkable, that after the letters are gone, they think very little about them, and never express chagrin or disappointment at none of them being answered. On the contrary, when their absurdity is pointed out, with a view to induce them to write what might be more worth reading (for, when they choose, they can write extremely well), they laugh most heartily, seeming to enjoy the surprise which their letters cannot fail to excite, and proceed to compose new ones with as much alacrity as if the old had produced any good effect.

"It has been observed, with emphasis, by some reporters of diseases in towns or dispensaries, that the reports of most institutions are searched in vain for *medical* information; but with all submission to such critics, reports like this are quite unfit for *medical* disquisitions. The time may perhaps arrive, when facts ascertained in this Asylum, together with the practice found most successful there, and the inferences which should be drawn from the facts and the practice, will be laid before the public in a proper form; but this report is intended chiefly for the contributors, who, instead of medical discussion, desire to know in detail, not only from year to year, but four times a-year, what effects have been, and are, produced by benefactions far more liberal than any that have hitherto been made for such a purpose in Scotland.

"Besides, as the difficulty of ascertaining the real effects of drugs is great in every disease, it is particularly so in cases of insanity, on account of its peculiar nature. In the opinion of the best judges, medicines have been given improperly in this, as often as in any malady; and they have got the credit of cures which they seem to have had no share in producing: nay, there is great reason to suspect, that in more instances than one, cures have been ascribed to drugs, which, though prescribed by the physician, and carefully furnished by the apothecary, were never tasted by the patient.

"There are, no doubt, both in mad-houses and out of them, some patients, who think themselves neglected if they do not get regularly a portion of drugs, asking, 'How can we recover, when we get nothing?' To all these, medicine is, and ought to be, promptly

furnished. But others dislike it so much, that they refuse not it only, but, from the fear of it, their food also. To them, therefore, no medicine is given, except on the greatest emergency; and it has hitherto been always found practicable to conceal it in their food, or persuade them to take it. As to the horrid custom of forcing it down their throat, under which some have been choked completely, others thrown into convulsions, and all more injured by the violence used, and by their own furious opposition, than they could possibly be benefited by the operation of any drug whatever, it has never been permitted in this Asylum. Nay, when a patient prefers suffering pain to a simple operation, no force is used, provided his life be not exposed to danger. Thus, one complaining of tooth-ache, and very willing to have his tooth taken out, whenever he saw the instrument making ready, swore that no instrument but a golden one should come into his mouth; and when assured that no such instrument was made, insisted on his knowing better, and keeps his teeth untouched. Some, indeed, who obstinately refuse food for days together, when nature begins to sink, are obliged to be threatened with *forcing;* but, savoury food being left near them, they most commonly eat it when they are alone; or, when they see most formidable preparations made for the forcing, and hear a striking description of the sufferings which they are about to bring on themselves, they generally yield to entreaty, so that the last violence has hardly been resorted to here. In other places, it was once part of the regular practice to *force* a patient, if he refused food for a certain number of hours, though at the end of that period there was no risk of injury; nay, in many cases, total abstinence for more than double the period at which the *forcing* was regularly ordered, was among the best of remedies, if not the very best. To outrage good sense and humanity still more, where any difficulty was found in opening the jaws of the wretched victim, pinioned down on his back, or where he chanced to bite the keeper's fingers, which, whenever he could, he always did with great violence, two or more of his front teeth were knocked out, for the purpose of admitting a small spout, through which fluids were poured into the stomach, if he made any effort to swallow, or into the wind-pipe, if he did not, and if his mouth and nose were close shut.

"With three patients who at present refuse food in the Asylum, considerable difficulty has been, and is experienced; but by the Superintendent always attending himself, along with such a num-

ber of keepers as renders all resistance hopeless; by bringing forward a quantity of unknown formidable apparatus; by exposing to their sight and smell proper food, and, while their appetites and apprehensions are thus at once excited, by again using arguments, entreaties, and the influence of some favourite keeper or companion, they either yield entirely, or make a resistance much fainter than is said to have occurred where, instead of such management, recourse was had at once to brute force."

These extracts are from the Reports prior to leaving the building now occupied as the Poors'-house for the City Parish of Glasgow; and the subsequent Reports show that, up to the present day, progression has ever been their motto and their rule of action.

The foundation stone of the present Glasgow Lunatic Asylum at Gartnavel was laid on the 1st of June, 1842. The building is situated nearly four miles west from Glasgow, upon a rising ground between the Great Western Road and the river Clyde. From the windows of the Asylum a magnificent view in every direction is obtained—to the north and west the scene is uncommonly grand and imposing. There are sixty-six acres of ground enclosed within high pallisades, which, while they in general are found quite secure enough for the purpose which they are intended to serve, have a light, airy look, very different indeed from a wall of brick or stone. Part of this ground is laid out scientifically and tastefully in walks, bordered with flowers, flowering shrubs, and evergreens; gardens, clumps of trees, and long narrow belts of plantation. The rest is under crop; and although a great part of the labour is done by the patients, yet I believe the crops are generally among the earliest in this part of the country. Patients who have the range of such an extensive piece of ground as this can scarcely be called prisoners.

The building itself has a most baronial look, view it from what quarter you may; and well it may when we take into account the cost.

The Ladies' Department occupies the whole of the farthest west wing of the establishment. Adjoining and immediately to the eastward of this, is the Superintendent's house; and still farther eastward, in the same range, is the department appropriated to insane gentlemen. This terminates what is called the West House, where all the higher class patients are kept; and between it and the East House there is a large open court, containing stores, bake-house, dead-house, &c.

The East House is inhabited by those for whom a lower rate of board is paid; and although every thing there is upon a plainer and a cheaper scale, yet, when the restoration of reason or the preservation of life is involved, the rate of board does not enter into the Superintendent's calculation.

There are large airing courts, looking to the south, attached to each department, male and female, with seats to rest upon, and sheds to protect them from sun or rain.

This Asylum contains at the present time (October, 1860) about 500 patients of all classes, and about 80 male and female servants; and the treatment of patients, for humanity and efficiency, I do believe is not, and hardly could be, surpassed.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion, I would say to my compeers, although we have no occasion, in many cases, to be ashamed of the company in which we have suffered, yet we, of all men, should be ever humble and calm, not even a common breeze of passion should be allowed to ruffle our minds; for we do know how the waters may rise and rage, how uncontrollable may burst the fury of the storm, while "Peace, be still," is drowned in the maddening roar. Of all men we should be the first to put, wherever it can bear it, a charitable construction upon the motives and actions of others—the last to judge—the last to condemn. The very brute extracts wisdom from suffering—why should not we? The dog burns his foot, and ever after looks askance at the fire.

There is a rivet loose in the armour of the most confident and the most secure. We have many companions who never dreamed that they were members of our community. Every one has been insane during sleep. A dream is a fit of insanity, in which some portion of the brain lies torpid, while other portions are under the influence of a vitality which flies through time and over space with a velocity rivalling the speed of that invisible courier who, mounted on the telegraphic wire, dashes onward, shoulder to shoulder with the lightning, and passes, as if it were an anchored ship, the wildest hurricane that ever swept the sea. Were this state of the brain to continue after awakening, and to become permanent, undoubted insanity would be visible to every eye, which clearly proves this rather out of the way idea to be true. It is quite possible that insanity or death may reach us through the instrumentality of a dream. In dreams we sometimes have an intensely vivid recollection of circumstances which never occurred, and in insanity we find it the same.

Lunacy, like rain, falls upon the evil and the good; and although it must for ever remain a fearful misfortune, yet there may be no more sin or shame in it than there is in an ague fit or a fever.

With a feeling allied to fear we behold a grim array of the insane dead—once famed in science, in arts, in literature, in arms—as it

were starting from their graves and passing in review before us. How our heart clings to Cowper, with his pale, pensive face, and mild, warm heart, that throbbed and glowed with love to all that nature ever bore. And how we shrink as crimson-coloured Clive, with martial step and eye of pride, strides past laquered with Eastern blood. And slowly rising from her sun-scorched grave, glides past the much-loved L. E. L., spiritual as in the days when she made young hearts to thrill under the witching spell of her melody —her whose genius, in our youthful days, we worshipped unseen:— The heart-stilling liquid is in her hand—her eyes are turned upward—she prays for forgiveness, and fancies that she hears the far, far distant notes of an angel voice mingling with the deep breathings of her fearful despair. And, "revisiting the glimpses of the moon," conscientious and stern, stands Miller, who died nailing the white flag of science to the crimson shoulder of the cross. And thou Tannahill, sweet songster of the west, with thy sensitive nature, which shrunk from the briars and nettles which pricked and stung thy tender feet; what a sympathetic chill creeps round our heart as we look upon thy wet, shivering form, and hear the night wind stirring the drenched bay leaves which encircle thy pale and dripping brow. No man of fire or blood wert thou; and, true to thy nature, thou chose the love-mad maiden's death, who drowns her hopeless grief, closes her sleepless eye, and cools her burning brain beneath the stream. How sad, how sorrowful to think that a mind which has shed light and joy into many a heart and home, should itself disappear amid despair and darkness. And, glancing like a meteor in the gloom, shines Goldsmid's jewelled form: insanity's blast blows hard—his golden anchors are dragging—a crimson winding-sheet flaps in the gale, and an open sepulchre lies under his lee.

To this dread appeal also answers Irving, Swift, Collins, Castlereagh, Chatterton, Hall, Romilly, Defoe—"What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?"

APPENDIX.

FROM the published Reports of the Glasgow Lunatic Asylum we take the following very interesting extracts. The surgical inspections after death show that disease in other organs besides the brain can be instrumental in producing insanity. These inspections were by the desire or permission of friends of the deceased.

"Among the cures, two were remarkable for the duration and obstinacy of the disease. One of these patients, at the date of his dismission, was fifty-five years of age, and had been under treatment for nearly ten years. Latterly, the paroxysms became less frequent and less violent; and before he was dismissed, he was subjected to a probation of nearly twelve months. No symptom of his malady having betrayed itself during this period, while, at the same time, he worked willingly and steadily at his trade, he was dismissed cured; and having for some time maintained himself and his family by his industry, he has since been engaged as one of the tradesmen of the establishment, and now a steady useful servant, and capable of taking charge of those patients who follow his own trade. The other, at the date of his dismission, was fifty-seven years of age. He had been insane for sixteen years, during only eight of which, however, he had been subjected to medical and moral treatment. In this case also, the patient underwent probation for nearly a year, during which time he betrayed no symptom of his former malady, and worked most diligently and cheerfully in the garden. When the period of dismission arrived, he left the house, of which he had been eight years an inmate, with the greatest reluctance, and begged most earnestly to be allowed to remain as a servant. From various circumstances, we found ourselves constrained at that period to refuse his request; but having maintained himself for about a month by his industry, and there being an opportunity of employing him in the house and grounds, he was, to his great joy, hired at a small rate of wages by the Superintendent.

"These cases are highly encouraging to the friends of the insane, and tend strongly to show the erroneous nature of an opinion still entertained by some, that when the disease has lasted a certain time, it necessarily becomes incurable.

"The probation to which these patients were subjected, may appear to many a length wholly uncalled for; but when the disease has lasted so long, it is absolutely necessary to take this mode of ascertaining whether it be totally subdued, or only assuming a periodical form.

"Of that rare form of nervous disorder, denominated Cataleptic Ecstasy, we have had no fewer than five cases. In three of these, the disease was complicated with a mild variety of mania, accompanied with highly excited religious feelings. One case was peculiarly interesting. No matter how the patient was occupied when the fit came on, he suddenly assumed a statue-like posture, with the trunk slightly bent, one arm elevated, and the fore-finger steadily pointed as if at an object; the eyelids opened to their utmost extent; the eyes turned up; the lips separated, and the expression of the whole countenance that of the most profound admiration, wonder, or rapture. In this state, the patient would remain a considerable time, totally unconscious of what was passing around. The whole appearance of these patients betrayed an intense concentration of thought on some hallucination, though we never could obtain any satisfactory explanation of the state of their minds while thus affected. In none of the cases during the fit, was there any unusual paleness, or flushing, or irregularity of the circulation, as described by some authors; and they could generally be easily roused by addressing them in a loud voice, or suddenly taking hold of them. Sudden noises, such as the falling of a chair, the slamming of a door, etc., made no impression on them. One of them, during his fits, was in the habit of repeating a series of doggerel verses, five or six consecutive lines rhyming together, and the matter consisting of exclamations, rapid questions, and short assertions, all expressive of intense devotional rapture. In none of these cases has the mind as yet become perfectly sane; and in some there is reason to fear that organic lesion of the brain has taken place."

The following Tables show the causes of insanity, as far as could be ascertained for two successive years:—

	Males.	Females.	Both Sexes.
Anxiety,	11	4	15
Avarice,	0	1	1
Chagrin,	7	3	10
Debilitating Evacuations,	2	1	3
Disappointed Love,	2	8	10
Domestic Vexation,	3	10	13
Drunkenness,	18	13	31
Excessive Mental Exertion,	7	0	7
Fever,	1	0	1
Grief,	4	12	16
Hereditary or Congenital,	26	16	42
Lactation,	0	1	1
Political Excitement,	1	1	2
Puerperal,	0	4	4
Quarrelling,	3	7	10
Reading Works of Fancy,	2	1	3
Religious Delusions,	8	12	20
Remorse,	2	2	4
Reverse of Fortune,	9	5	14
Solitude,	2	1	3
Suppression of Discharges,	0	3	3
Terror,	3	5	8
Uterine Irritation,	0	3	3
Unknown, or of gradual approach,	21	18	39
	132	131	263

	Males.	Females.	Both Sexes.
Anxiety,	8	3	11
Avarice,	1	1	2
Chagrin,	2	2	4
Debilitating Evacuations,	6	0	6
Disappointed Love,	4	1	5
Domestic Vexation,	2	1	3
Drunkenness,	19	5	24
Debauchery,	0	1	1
Epilepsy,	1	0	1
Fever,	0	1	1
Fit of Intoxication,	2	0	2
Grief,	2	2	4
Hereditary or Congenital,	4	1	5
Jealousy,	0	1	1
Puerperal,	0	1	1
Quarrelling,	0	3	3
Religious Delusions,	8	12	20
Remorse,	0	1	1
Reverse of Fortune,	8	0	8
Separation from Home and Friends,	0	1	1
Suppression of Discharges,	0	1	1
Terror,	1	4	5
Unknown, or of gradual approach,	12	9	21
	80	51	131

"Male patient, aged 41. Upon admission he exhibited all the most prominent symptoms of general paralysis, talked of his power, great wealth, etc., and although inclined to be active, had evidently great difficulty in walking steadily. Articulation of words very much impeded. In the early part of the year, a large abscess formed in right pectoral muscle, which was found to communicate with the cavity of thorax, pus mixed with air was discharged, but eventually it healed up. His general health, however, gradually became more feeble, hectic symptoms appeared, and he died.

"INSPECTION.—*Encephalon* weighed 53 ounces. On removing it about 6 ounces of subarachnoid effusion escaped. On each side of *falx major,* for about an inch, the membranes adhered firmly and were matted together; this extended from within an inch of the *cresta galli* to the expansion of the *falx* into the tentorium. Four distinct points of elevation along this course were observed, two on each side, the most anterior being on the right side; and on the anterior surface of the anterior lobe they consisted principally of old effused lymph, fibrous and granular, and corresponded to impressions on the skull, which at these points was perfectly diaphanous. One of these deposits on right side appeared to be of more recent formation. *Dura mater* generally thicker than usual, more particularly along course of longitudinal *sinus;* at the points of projection above noticed, it was very thin. Considerable *subarachnoid* effusion of lymph, on the right side, presenting a striated appearance. Arterial and venous vascularity and turgidity of the whole surface of the brain; bloody points, numerous and large, were observed on slicing it, and it emitted a strong ammoniacal odour. Ventricular membrane of a firm and leathery consistence, thickened and opaque; in some places it was at least a line in thickness. Cerebral substance cut firmly. *Septum lucidum* entire and diaphanous; *foramen of Monro* large enough to admit a goose-quill. *Fornix* adhered firmly to *thalami* by intermediate thickened membrane. *Choroid plexus* vesicular posteriorly; veins between *thalami* turgid and enlarged; smaller vessels in centre of brain more numerous than usual, enlarged, and gorged with blood. Fifth ventricle fully developed; membranes thickened. Pineal gland small and injected; *acarvalus* present. *Corpora quadrigemina* smaller than usual. Fourth ventricle natural. Convolutions of brain small. Cineritious substance thin; cerebral substance generally hardened. *Arachnoid* generally thickened and leathery, more particularly at base,

where there were several points of recently effused lymph. *Cerebellum,* without *medulla,* weighed 6 ounces; membranes thickened, especially over inferior surface; substance firmer than usual. Right lung adhered firmly to the second and third ribs immediately external to their cartilages, and corresponding to the opening mentioned in the case; second rib carious; and lung, for an inch around it, hepatised. The lungs with the above exception, were healthy; a small lymphy deposit over *sulcus* of heart; valves healthy; slight eccentric hypertrophy of left ventricle. *Colon* in its natural position; *appendix vermiformis* 6 inches long. Stomach enormously large, and distended with *flatus,* measuring 24 inches from *pyloric* to *cardiac* extremity. Liver, kidneys, and other organs healthy.

"Male patient, aged 40. This was a case of acute *mania,* and the patient was highly excitable and dangerous. Previous to admission, he attempted to set fire to his house, broke and destroyed everything within his reach, attacked the neighbours, and severely injured several. He was committed for safe custody to the Asylum, under a special warrant. His health had suffered from high excitement, he had also been treated severely on the anti-phlogistic system, before he was brought here. The maniacal symptoms continued, and he ultimately sank through pure exhaustion.

"INSPECTION.—*Calvarium* irregularly formed, left side being considerably larger posteriorly than right. Membranes adherent to the extent of an inch on each side of *falx cerebri.* For about three inches the *falx cerebri* exhibited a striated appearance and adhered on each side, but more firmly on the left than on the right side. Considerable subarachnoid effusion with a coating of coagulable lymph corresponding to the adhesions. Above the *corpus callosum* gelatinous adhesion of the anterior lobes of hemispheres for about three-fourths of an inch. Considerable arterial congestion of *pia mater* and arachnoid on surface of the hemispheres. Cineritious substance at internal parts of the hemispheres much atrophied, and at some parts scarcely perceptible. About a drachm of fluid in each lateral ventricle. *Septum lucidum* entire. *Foramen of Monro* of natural size. *Fornix* softened. Choroid *plexus* adhered to inferior wall of ventricle. Pineal gland vesicular. *Acervulus* absent. A small quantity of *serum* in fourth ventricle, the walls of which were softened. Central portions of the brain of the natural consistence, with the exception of the *fornix,* which was very soft. *Cerebellum* quite healthy. Pituitary gland softer than usual. *Cerebrum,* with

cerebellum, and *medulla,* weighed fifty-two ounces; *cerebellum,* six-and-a-half; *medulla,* one ounce avoirdupois. About a pound of serous effusion in left *pleura,* and slight adhesions at its upper part. No adhesions in right *pleura,* but about two ounces of *serum* in its cavity. The entire surface of both lungs was thickly studded with dark melanotic spots, which appeared to be situated in the surface of the substance of the lung. The *pleura pulmonalis* over centre of each spot was thickened and opaque. No tubercles in substance of lungs, which, however, were generally oedematous. Heart weighed eleven ounces, and was otherwise quite healthy in structure. *Pericardium* natural in appearance, but contained three ounces of *serum.* Liver healthy, weighed three pounds seven ounces avoirdupois. Spleen healthy, weighed three ounces. Cellular tissue of *omentum* oedematous. Stomach contained about a pound of coffee-coloured fluid. Its mucous coat thickened, rugous, and more vascular than usual. About two pounds of clear *serum* in cavity of abdomen. Kidneys healthy.

"Male patient, aged 43. A case of *melancholia,* passing into *dementia.* Third attack, of a month's duration, preceded by bad health, then violence, restlessness, and incoherence. He imagined that people were conspiring against him; saw serpents, witches, &c.; was dangerous to others and very destructive. In spite of generous diet, &c., he became emaciated and gradually sank and died.

"INSPECTION.—*Os frontis* remarkably thick; posterior clinoid processes long and brittle. No part of *calvarium* diaphanous. *Dura mater* thicker than usual. Membranes, as usual, adhering at vertex for the space of an inch; and one-fourth of an inch on each side of longitudinal *sinus.* No undue vascularity of membranes or cerebral substance. About two drachms of *serum* in the lateral ventricles. *Septum lucidum* entire. *Foramen of Monro* dilated to about the size of a goose-quill. *Fornix* and *corpus callosum* of natural consistence; and substance of brain generally rather firmer than is usually found, excepting the posterior part of right *corpus striatum,* which was softened to about a line in depth. Pineal gland the size of a large field-bean, and infiltrated with *serum; acervulus* present; pituitary body of natural size, soft, and covered with an amber coloured effusion. Fourth ventricle contained about half a drachm of *serum,* and its walls were softened. Effusion of lymph and *serum* in arachnoid, over *cerebellum,* principally at base. About half an ounce of *serum* escaped from *theca* of spine. *Cerebrum* weighed

forty-four ounces; *cerebellum* seven ounces; *medulla* one ounce avoirdupois. Left lung and *pleura* healthy. Adhesion of right lung at its posterior and superior aspect. There were also interlobular adhesions. Upper and lower lobes of right lung pretty healthy; the middle lobe was collapsed, shrivelled, and condensed; and its substance was studded with apparently small cartilaginous masses about the size of peas. On slicing the lobe, they were found in some places hard and condensed; and in others, softened, and containing *pus*. The bronchial tubes going to this lobe were much dilated at their extremities, and were red and vascular. Right lung weighed fourteen ounces; left lung sixteen ounces, avoirdupois. Heart healthy, with the exception of a circular lymphy patch on anterior surface of right ventricle, and an irregular-shaped deposit of the same character between right auricle and ventricle. Valves quite healthy. About four drachms of *serum* in *pericardium*. Surface of *aorta*, at its arch, very red and vascular. *Vasa vasorum* highly injected; the whole appearance indicative of inflammatory action. Stomach small, of irregular thickness, in some places being quite diaphanous, and in others condensed and almost cartilaginous. Mucous membrane dark, thickened, rugous, and covered with a layer of viscid *mucus*. At some points the membrane was thin and translucent. *Pylorus* healthy. Liver healthy in structure, but gorged with dark blood; it weighed three pounds, avoirdupois. Spleen healthy, and also engorged; weight, 7 ounces. Both kidneys extensively granulated, very hard, and almost cartilaginous; the right particularly so; right weighed 7½ ounces; left, 7 ounces.

"INTERMARRIAGES.—This is a delicate topic, the discussion of which will have little effect so long as, in forming matrimonial alliances, men are blinded by passion, avarice, or ambition. It is scarcely necessary to state that when two parties predisposed to insanity marry, their children, even should they themselves escape, will be much more predisposed to the disease than either of the parents; and that it is next to an impossibility, if they survive, that they should enjoy soundness of mind. Such an absurdity is seldom perpetrated, and is so palpable as to require no remark. But it may be said, that if an individual possessed of this *diathesis* contracts an alliance with another who is not so constituted, the predisposition will be lessened in the children. This, no doubt, is true in many cases, but it is not so universally. If a man predisposed to insanity, marry a woman of a highly nervous temperament

or of a highly strumous constitution, his children will be more predisposed to the disease than he himself was, and nearly as much so as if he had allied himself with one similarly constituted. The predisposition is more likely to be transmitted from the mother than the father.

"But this is not the only way in which ill-assorted marriages operate in spreading the tendency to insanity. Repeated marriages between blood relations not only give rise to general physical deterioration, but impair the powers of mind in the descendants. Imbecility, or idiocy, is the ordinary result; but positive madness is not an infrequent occurence. The number of intermarriages required to produce these lamentable results, will depend on the original constitution of the individuals; but, sooner or later, they will assuredly take place.

"A strong predisposition to insanity will be produced in the children by the intermarrying of individuals of a highly nervous temperament or a strongly marked strumous constitution. Debauchery in either parent is apt to give rise to the same result, though the offending individual may escape.

"From what has now been briefly stated, it may be inferred that marriages ought not to take place between individuals predisposed to insanity, or between those of a highly nervous temperament, or possessed of a strongly marked strumous constitution; and that when an individual predisposed to insanity determines on contracting a matrimonial alliance, he should seek for a partner of a robust constitution, and carefully avoid the nervous and the strumous. This is one of the most important means of counteracting the tendency to, and diminishing the diffusion of the malady; and quiet, temperate, and orderly habits will prove important auxiliaries."

Finis

GLASGOW:—PRINTED BY SPITTAL & ALISON, 98 UNION STREET.